Ovids Ghost:

OR,

VENUS overthrown by the *NASONIAN POLITITIAN.*

With

A remedy for LOVE-SICK GALLANTS.

In a

POEM.

On the dispraise of all sorts of WIVES.

Severall other occasionall Verses and Characters.

London, Printed for the Author. 1657.

Ad Amicum ſuum Amantiſſ. Ed Fuſcum *in ingenioſum ejus Poema De Arte Amandi:*

ET Deam Matrem puerumq; ſpernas,
Non eges matris jaculis nec arcu,
Non eges nati gravidâ ſagittis
Fuſce faretrâ:
Quam viâ rectâ, properemus omnes,
Faminum ad lectos modo te ſequamur
Harum in obſcura ne litrea legentes
Angula ducent.
Huc Amatores miſeri huc adeſtis
Jam Deam noſter venerem Poeta
Vicit, & cuivis docet imperito
Regula Amandi.

A. W. Armig.

To the moſt ingenuous Brothers,

Mr {R. A.} and {G.}

Vertuous Gent.

MY courteous ſtarres, having heretofore ſo propitiouſly reſpected my advantage, as to permit me to receive my Education with your honored ſelves, do now likewiſe irreſiſtably incline me to acknowledge what I have already done, or am further able to perform, can only make up the leaſt part of that I owe to thoſe many obligations I then received from your goodneſs; nay, when I ſtil call to mind what ambitious thoughts,

what emulation, two ſo ſtudious examples raiſed in me, me thinks I could utterly diſavow my Muſe her ſelfe, ſhould ſhe, to any other, then to ye (worthy friends) preſent this firſt Poeſie gathered from her poeticall garden, ſince ſhe is forced to confeſſe it was your ingenuous ſociety laid the primary foundation : And as I am compell'd to grant, it will only ſerve to recreate your fancies, when almoſt defatigated with more ſerious imployment, ſo I may ſafely profeſſe, there was little or no loſſe of time in the compoſure thereof, it being both begun and finiſhed at ſuch times, when a Countrey life had abſtracted me from a more profitable ſtudy, or the company of thoſe whoſe

whoſe more ſober diſcourſe might be either more delightfull or more advantagious. Some Copies yee will here find altogether like their object (a ſort of women) too light; others of too neer a complexion with that of their Author, dul and moroſe. Here is therefore (acute Gentl.) a fitting ſubject to exerciſe your ingenuity on, not only your wit, but vertue may appear, in reconciling theſe two extremes, by your more moderat cenſure, which to doubt of, were worſe then an Hereſie in him who is ſo well acquainted with the candid diſpoſitions of yee both, as is

Your obliged Servant,

Edvardus Fuſcus.

Cupids grand Polititian.

ACTORS.

Venus.
Cupid.
Souldier.
Tradeſman.
Courtier.
Cupids Cryer.
Three Country Fellowes.
Ovid's Ghoſt.

PRO-

PROLOGVE.

WHat need our work a Prologue? ſhall it
Be deck'd, when none knowes what to (call it?
It is (ye may be bold to ſay)
No Tragi-Comedy, no Play,
For none but ſimple fools they are,
(Lovers I mean) who act it here.
Nor yet a Mask you can it call,
That hides, but this uncovers all.
This ſhewes what all young Ladies are,
Or what they would be did they dare.
Neat Gallant turn but up theſe ſheets,
You'l ſpie your Lady and her Sweets,
Lying alone, nay, ſighing too
For Company, perhaps for you.
Each line will prove a Clue, to lead
You through a lab'rinth to her bed.
Ladies to *Venus* then begone,
Call a new Convocation;
Let a Committee ſit above,
To eſtabliſh newer forms of Love,
And when they have perform'd it, then
Our Poet will to work againe,
Then he'll once more betray your guiles,
And counterplot your chiefeſt wiles.

ACT I.

ACT I.

Enter Cupid and Venus talking.

Cupid. KInd mother (pray) what maketh you
Put on ſo ſad a mournfull hue?
So melancholy looks? as though
Things did not pleaſe you well below.
Venus. Alas, how can they? when I ſee
The faireſt of my company
Expoſed to the ſcorn, the flout
Of ev'ry clowniſh Countrey lout.
Beauty is worth but little now,
Men muſt have that and money too,
Each Trades-man who hath got a ſhop,
And ſomething elſe to ſet him up,
Scorns both an handſome face and ſhape,
Unleſſe ſh' has money in her lap;
No Gentleman the Countrey round,
That's worth one acre of good ground,
Marries without a thouſand pound.
Thus men do beauty little prize,
And my young Virgins tantalize.
Would it not mad a Girle, the cup
To kiſſe, yet be deny'd to ſup?

Would

Would it not vex an hungry Laſſe,
To ſee ſuch ſweet-meats by her paſſe:
When ah, poor ſoule ſhee cannot get,
To ſave her longing, one poor bit.
Oh that men ſhould be ſo unjuſt,
To tickle, feel, and ſtirre their luſt,
Tumble and toſſe them, with them jeaſt,
And yet deny what they like beſt,
Whilſt they poor wenches only can,
Lye on their backs and think on man;
Yet Women ſtill as handſome are,
As ever in this world they were.
Then 'tis my power ſure men ſlight,
Which makes men count of them ſo light;
Then *Cupid* hence and ſtring thy bowe,
And ſharpen all thine arrowes too;
Mortals ſhall know their rules above,
Things here below, a Queen of Love.
Alas, how have men here of late,
Remain'd in hatred and debate!
Now I'm reſolv'd they ſhall live
Like friends, with none but females ſtrive,
The place ſhall be an holland ſheet,
Where they to fight it out ſhall meet;
Mars in the end ſhall quit the field,
And to a naked *Venus* yield.

Cupid. I have performed your deſire,
I've kindled in mens breaſts a fire:
Nor have I thrown away one dart,
Without the conqueſt of an heart.

Moſt men I've wounded, and you'l ſee
How Love-ſick by and by they'l be.

Exeunt Venus and Cupid.

ACT 2.

Enter a Love-ſick Souldier as in a private walk.

So. BLood and deep wounds! what, am I mad?
Or am I that which is as bad,
A fooliſh Lover? oh I feare me,
Both Countrey, Town, and Camp will jear me,
I who but now did ſcorne their ſex,
Do now adore it; oh 'twould vex
A Saint to think a ſouldier ſhould
Be by a ſilly girle thus fool'd:
I who but now did love to feel
No weapons, but were tipt with ſteel,
Have now my ſharp one ſheath'd in leather,
And uſe a blunt point altogether.
How the firſt brunt of love to paſſe,
Or how to captivate a laſſe;
How to conjure my Lady to concede
To my deſire, this now's the point indeed.
I who did uſe the open field to keep,
Into my Ladies hole would gladly creep. (pid,
I whom a thouſand wounds could not make ſtu-
Am half way ſlain by one ſmal wound from *Cu-*
pid. But

But hark, me thinks I hear a voice as faint
As mine, surely some Lovers sad complaint.

Enter a young Tradesman as in a walk near, but not knowing of the Souldier.

Trades. KInd Courteous Element of earth,
To whom the first man owes his birth,
Be thou propitious to me,
Since I'm forsook by th' other three.
Once did I think it was my doom,
That in loves fire I should consume;
When lo, there gushed forth a stream
Of tears, which quench'd my former flame;
Then did I hope that shipwrackt I
Might in those seas of sorrow die.
When straight my Mrs speaks, whose breath,
Kill'd by reprieving me from death:
It did revive me, it is true,
To hear her speak, see her smile too, (oh!
Her breath drove back that weeping flood, but
It did againe Loves flames within me blow:
And now I feare it is indeed my doom,
Loves hottest fire to feel and not consume.
Kind earth then let some dismall cave
This miserable man receive,
Let some obscure place open wide,
And me from all my sorrowes hide,
Where may some uncouth Lane be found,
That I may travell under ground,

Untill

Untill I meet ſome ſecret path that may
Lead me into the world another way,
And ſo I ſhall perhaps be free
From the friend Love, which hanteth me.
I have a ſhop well furniſh'd, faire,
And yet I want one ſort of ware:
I have a yard, but ah, that can't
Doe him much good, who ſtill doth want
One choice commodity, to meaſure
Its breadth, its length, oh there's the treaſure.

Here the Souldier breaks off his ſpeech by diſcovering himſelfe, and thus accoſting him.

To him Souldier.

God ſave you Sir, it is to me ſome eaſe,
That you infected are with my diſeaſe.

To them both a Courtier.

Court. Gallants it is a comfort ſtill to ſee,
In a misfortune ſo good company,
Behind yon buſhes as I lay,
I heard you both your Loves betray;
And leſt it ſhould repent ye, know,
I feel the force of *Cupid* too,
I who have ſcorn'd as much as one could doe,
A whining Lover, am become one now;
Ovid, thy chiefeſt Metamorphoſis
Is nothing, if compared unto this
Of wine; I who within this breaſt did bear
A ſoul not ſubject to a Lovers feare;
I who have challeng'd *Cupid* throw a dart,
To try if he could pierce my harder heart;

I who like to the unconfined aire,
Lay in each Ladies bosome that was faire,
And like the aire, was never us'd to be
Restrain'd, but was as unconfin'd as free;
I (I do say) who us'd in scorn to scoffe
At Strumpet *Venus*, at blind *Cupid* laugh,
Am by the lustre of a Ladie's eyes
Now daseled, caught, and by her made a prize;
I who have flatter'd many a pretty lasse
Into a loving veine, so let her passe,
Am now entrapp'd, and made a fool of by
The cheating glances of a cunning eie;
I who poor love-sick girles did Lord it over,
Am now become a Ladies slavish Lover,
Who jeares me when I make a sad complaint,
And laughs to see my tears have no restraint.

Souldier and Gentleman.

But hold, Sir, hark, do we not heare a voice,
Bids us distressed Lovers to rejoice?

ACT 3.

Enter Cupids Cryer.

Cryer.

OYes, If there be any Frenchman in the Art
Of love, who never yet could bear the smart
Of

Of *Cupids* arrowes, ne'r could undergo
A piercing with a fiery glance, or ſo,
Let him be liſted under our Commander,
He ſoon wil teach them how he may withſtand
He'll ſhew him how to muſter up a ſort (her;
Of warlike weapons 'gainſt each maiden Fort;
Preſent her with Artilleries of bliſſes,
Whole vollies of fair Complements and kiſſes;
Nor can ye danger in this war conceive,
Where women ſtrive the onſet to receive;
That war's not hazerdous, muſt be confeſt,
To which each virgin ſtriveth to be preſt.
Ladies what perill is there in the fight,
Where to be only ſtabb'd is a delight?
Would any learn to love, then let him go
In, there's one will teach him how.
Doth any love and would his Lady win,
He'll teach him that too, blades then enter in.

Exit Cryer, the former three following him.

Three Country men talking on what they heard.

1. *Countryman.*

Jack. I do ſweare, as I a virgin live,
Two pots withall my heart and ſoule I'd give,
And two to that, could this ſame vellow tell,
How I might gaine my pretty little *Nell*;
Oh ſhe ſo neatly dreſſeth all our meat,
'Twould doe a body good, a bit to eat;

Her

Her face doth ſhine (I vow I do not vlatter)
Better then a new ſcour'd diſh or platter.

2. *Countryman.*

Piſh, I'd give halfe a dozen to have *Mary*,
Oh She's the neateſt wench to keep a Dary.
Her skin that is ſo ſoft as any ſilk,
She frowns not, ſh' has no face of butter milk,
When I her ſmug, methinks her kiſſes ſeem
Sweeter to me then any Cruds and Cream.
Her cheeks doth look like any flowers in May,
Her lips, oh they'r as thin as any whay.
Oh that I might once with my *Molly* churm,
In troth I'd jumble'r till the butter come.

3. *Countryman.*

I'v halfe a mind to try too if the knave
Can tell how I the Chamber Maid might have,
Oh ſh' has a gown of ſilk and ſilver too;
She is a cleanly girle I'll warrant you;
Once I did hug her, and I'll lay my head,
She is as ſoft as any feather-bed;
Vaith I'd neer care to go to bed, If I
Might upon my ſoft *Peggy* alwaies lie.

Omnes { Come let us then no longer time delay
{ Let's follow him, he'l teach us all the (way.

They likewiſe follow the Cryer.

ACT 4.

They all being met together, Ovid's *Ghoſt appeares with a book in his hand, firſt ſpeaks, then reads to them his Love-Lectures.*

Ovid's *Ghoſt, or the Naſonian Mach:*

Ghoſt.

FOr Lovers ſakes I from the ſhades am come,
Of that bleſt place, men call Elyſium.
Once *Venus* knew me, and again ſhall know,
Though *Ovids* dead, what *Ovids* Ghoſt can do.
Obſerve what I do read, ye ſhall be taught
To catch them tame, the Ladies ye have caught,
Thoſe, who as yet are not in love, I'll tell
Where they may faces meet, ſhall pleaſe them
And when they do to fall in love begin, (wel,
I'll teach them how they may their Ladies win.

LECTURE 1.

To thoſe who are not yet, but would be in Love.

The firſt thing ye muſt do, frequent thoſe places,
To which daily reſort moſt handſome faces.
Well doth the Fowler know how to beguile
Poor birds; the Hunter where to pitch his toil.

The Fisher who intends good store to get;
Knowes in what pool he best may cast his net:]
O thou who dost a Lover mean to be,
Learn where the fairest objects thou maist see,
Be sure to angle in those pleasant pools, (souls;
Where thou fair maids maist catch, or pretty
Learn where thy Nightingale intends to rest,
And there oppose a prickle to her breast.
In former time old *Rome* I did commend,
But now to *London* I my gallants send,
Where they, for certaine, shall in ev'ry street,
Some taking beauty or another meet.
Often repaire unto the Temple dore,
There ye may find enough Saints to adore;
Or to those Walkes in whose faire Grove,
Lawyers are Clients at the bar of Love.
But the chiefe place the Poets say,
To find them's at the acting of a Play;
There honey pots enough yee may espie,
For ev'ry gaudy waspe, or liquorish flie;
For as one oftentimes may plainly see,
How from this flower to that the subtile Bee
Doth post; so Ladies use to spend the day,
In being waited on from Play to Play,
And like the Bee, at night they homeward trail,
Bearing both honie and sting about their taile.
These were the sports a *Mars* did first invent,
Only t' invite a *Venus* to his Tent.
These comick tricks when *Romulus* first tri'd,
His tantalised souldiers were suppli'd;

They

They 1. did act their parts to pleaſe the wēches
Phanſies, but on them plaid to pleaſe their ſenſes.
Thus were the Sabine Turtles made a prey
Unto the Roman Eagle, at a Play;
And ever ſince the ſtage hath been a trap, in
Which all young Gallants catch their Ladies
If at a Ball or meeting th'haſt eſpi'd (napping.
Thy Miſtreſſe, get thee next unto her ſide,
Give unto thoſe ſhe liketh, great applauſe,
Approve what ſhe commends, her words are
If duſt by chance upon her garment light, (laws.
Nimbly bruſh't off, ſo ſoon as you eſpi't,
Seeming in wrath that ſo divine a ſhe
Should beare the leaſt ſigne of mortality;
Or if by chance her glove ſhe drop,
Be ſure you be the firſt to take it up;
Admire its handſome form, admiring, praiſe
Its pretty ſhape, and praiſing, ſtand amaz'd,
To think if the dull hide, ſuch Art diſcloſes,
What may the purer skin which it incloſes?
Or if her ſhoeſtring hap unti'd to be,
Let it be ti'd againe by none but thee;
Thank her for th'honour, wiſh ye both at laſt,
Were ti'd in the true Lovers knot as faſt.
From thence if you t'a banquet wait upon her,
Let your chief care be to come off with honour,
Drink wine, but not too much, for then you'll
It dulleth, not exhilerates the mind. (find,
Cupid 'tis true's a friend to *Bacchus*, and, (hand;
Doth ſometimes preſſe the grapes with his own

Yet if with juice his wings he madefies,
He flutters ſtraight, & from the vine-preſs flies,
Wine ſtirs the ſpirits, and the affections moves,
Y'add fire to fire, when you join wine and love.
But ſtill be ſure your choice be made (ſhade:
By daies bright Sun ſhine, not by nights dull
Thoſe Owl-light Tapers only doe diſcloſe
Faults, to be ſeen as plain as is her noſe;
It was when *Phœbus* ſhun with all his luſtre,
Paris ſwore *Hellen* faireſt was, and buſt her.
If neither of thoſe places can preſent
You with a Lady to your hearts content,
Frequent the pleaſant Baths, abundance there
Of plump young dainty females alwaies are.
Thoſe troubled waters are moſt apt to move
Their plyant ſoules unto the ſports of Love.
Till now my muſe hath plaid the rambling laſs,
Tracking each comly dame from place to place,
And having taught you where & when to watch
Your prey, ſhe next will tell you how to catch.

LECTURE 2.

To thoſe who begin to be in Love.

Lay then a good foundation, what's begun
Well, men account it more then halfe way done.
With confidence proceed, it is a doom
Paſt on their Sex, they'll all be overcome.
Firſt ſhall thoſe pretty birds which uſe to ſing
A joifull welcome to the wiſht for ſpring,

Forget

Forget their notes: The ſwifteſt hounds for fear,
Flie faſter from the trembling Hare,
Then e'r they follow'd it: The induſtrious Ant
(Grown idle) in the winter ſtarve for want,
Before a pleaſant Laſſe, well courted by thee,
Shall beare an humane ſhape, and yet deny thee.
Stoln waters they are ſweet, ſo you ſhall ſee,
Stoln pleaſures will the ſame to women be.
And ſince they are by nature modeſt, then
'Tis fit the queſtion firſt be ask'd by men:
The Heifer 'ts true, after the bull doth bellow,
And the proud Mare the luſty Steed doth follow;
But luſt dreſt in a female ſhape, doth not
Flame out ſo much, though 't be perhaps as hot.
Should I of *Hyblio* ſpeak, whoſe luſt did lead
Her headlong to her brothers lawleſſe bed,
Alas, ſad was her fate! *Mirra* we ſee,
For her prepoſterous Love, turn'd to a tree.
Paſiphae, what makes your envious breath
Curſe the poor harmleſſe Heifers to the death?
What makes you with your glas conſult ſo often?
Think you fair *Treſſes* can a Buls heart ſoften?
No, could your glaſſe make you look like a Cow,
He'd like you better then he doth you now.
What, is your raging luſt ſo boundleſſe? then
Deceive your husband not with beaſts, but men.
To be a *bull* perhaps one would it take,
To ſay a Bull did *Minos* Cuckold make.
But ah, poor King, 'tis none to ſay (in ſcorn)
A brutiſh Bull did make him wear his horn.

Paſiphae, hath judgement thee forſaken?
With what phantaſtick paſſion art thou taken?
Now doth ſhe wiſh her ſelfe *Europai* now
Io, though ſhe were turned to a Cow,
And ere 'twas long ſhee by a cunning wile,
Did both King *Minos*, and the Bull beguile.
They ſay a Cow's skin neatly put upon her,
Gain'd her deſire, by hiding of her honour:
But 'twas a Bull who in that ſportive game
Did pleaſe her luſt, by covering her ſhame.
If *Minos* had her in that ſhape eſpi'd,
I do believe h'had ſoundly paid her hide.
To ſuch as theſe, our Art yee need not uſe,
The ſmalleſt proffer they will not refuſe;
Yet all do love to be conſtreined to
Grant, what they'd otherwaies denie to you;
Then take you no repulſe, but learn to ſcoffe
At a young Ladies piſh, or fie, ſtand off;
Court them in ſeverall ſhapes, and ſo you will,
When e'r you viſit them, be welcome ſtill.
Woo now in Complements & then with kiſſes,
They'r pleas'd beſt with varietie of bliſſes.
But e'r cloſe ſiege be to the Miſtriſs laid,
The outworks you muſt take, I mean her maid;
Diſcharge your ſilver pieces at her, and
You ſoon ſhall have her under your command;
But if you can your man a Lover make,
Let him the Chambermaid then undertake;
Let him (what e'r he means) make her beleeve
He loves her dearly, though he her deceive.

Oh!

Oh! how ſhe'l plead your cauſe the beſt ſhe can,
That ſhe hereafter may enjoy your man.
'Tis ſhee when dreſſing of your Miſtreſs head,
Can tell her tales enough to make you ſpeed.
When your faire Lady is moſt apt to yield,
She will inform you then to take the field:
She'll tell you when your Miſtreſs opes the dore
To mirth, bids grief knock at her heart no more;
And when grim ſorrowes baniſhed the face,
Venus and *Cupid* ſtraight take up the place;
Then if you gaine her not, 'twill be your fault,
When ſhe quite open lies to loves aſſault.
Whilſt *Troy* o'rwhelmed was with ſadneſs, ſhe
Both mann'd her wals, repell'd the enemy;
But when deceitfull mirth crept in, ſhe made
Vain confidence her guide, and was betrai'd.
And ſometimes when you find her ſad, do you
Follow that humour, try what that may do;
And with your fluent tongue ſtrive to out-vy,
The mournfull language of her penſive eie,
The waiting maid too muſt appear,
Softly to whiſper, yet that ſhe may heare,
Such wrongs as theſe no woman ought or can
Put up, from an abuſive Guardian.
Then ſwear thy Love commands thee, and thou (art
Reſolv'd to die in taking of her part,
And ere this tempeſt ceaſe, be ſure that you
Rage in that ſea, this is one way to wooe,
Delay makes Love, like Ice againſt the Sun,
Puts it into a deep conſumption.

Yet can I not approve of thoſe who do
Leap o'r the Maid to come the ſooner to
The Mrs, though ſhe may perhaps be glad
To take the due the Miſtreſſe ſhould have had,
Unleſſe by taſting of the Maid you might
Learn how her Lady would your ſenſe delight:
But yet in caſe your luſt provoked be,
To offer to the Maid her Ladies fee,
When once y' have mov'd her, no deniall take,
Reſolve to act, or elſe no proffer make.
From feare of being reveal'd, you may be ſure
If ſhe partake with you, to be ſecure:
The Lark which uſed to confront the skie,
Her wings being limed, ſoars not halfe ſo high,
The wounded fiſh, ſtrook with the hook, may be
Out of his Element drawn eaſily.
But if you chance her ſweet-bread ſure to taſt,
Let that be all, leſt you repent at laſt:
For who but once fals in a virgins lap,
Seldome is troubled with an after-clap;
Yet win the girle to be your friend, the elfe
Knows how to chuſe times better then your ſelf.
No tool in Nature fitter for a blade
To work upon his Miſtreſſe, then her Maid.
Take heed how you your preſents do beſtow
On every ſmiling girle, or wanton Fro:
Some you ſhall meet, whoſe daily range,
Is only from the Old to th' New Exchange;
Thither you muſt wait on her, where they cry,
What lack you Madam? Sir, what do you buy?

Whilſt

Whilſt ſhe'l for gloves, or hoods, or ribbands cal,
And you engag'd are ſtil to pay for all.
Then to the Draper walks ſhe (where the true
Word ſmock's to broad) ſhe wants a ſhift or two,
And by her words and ſmiles (Rhetorick theft)
To win you pay for them ſhe makes a ſhift.
Then halfe a dozen more ſhe looks upon,
Swears pay for theſe, and you ſhall put them on.
Thus ſhall you meet ſome Ladies, who can tell
How, if you give an inch, to take an ell;
Then to ſuch wanton humours never tie
Your ſelfe, whom a mans yard can't ſatisfie.
No, no, make love unto them in a letter,
Till they give leave to ſpend upon them better.
Pen Ink and paper's cheap, for falſitie
In words, give her the ſelfe ſame flatterie.
Words are ſmal charge, what more you give you caſt
Away, flatter, ſpeak fair, 'twill little coſt.
A Letter in an Apple writ and read,
Won faire *Cedippe* to her Lovers bed;
In pleaſing lines your Lady then ſalute,
A Letter may, when nothing elſe can, do't.
Thoſe letters may perhaps imprint upon
Her flexive breaſt, loves deep impreſſion;
And that ſame kind of printing may no leſſe
Effects produce, then twixt ye both a preſſe.
Promiſes they are charms, inchanting things,
Each adds a feather unto *Cupids* wings:
Promiſe no matter what, ſo ſhalt thou be
Still giving, whilſt thy gifts remain with thee:

Feed

Feed her with hopes of great things, hopes ma
Though falſ to her, yet true to thee in love. (prov
But when you are ſo fortunate, to be
Admitted into her ſocietie,
Court her not in bombaſtick high Orations,
As if you us'd to wooe in conjurations;
No fuſtian language, but ſmooth as the Prince
Of Poets ſpits from the mouth of eloquence.
Some ſort of ſtanding things though Ladies love,
Your ſtanding complements they'll not approve
Court not in language which in books is known,
They like no common places but their own:
What though at firſt thy lines ſhe ſcorn to read,
Or ſacrifice them to her furious tread?
Yet don't deſpaire, for it is time will prove,
The coieſt Lady may be drawn to love;
Obſerve this Maxim, arm'd ſtill keep the field,
In time your chaſt *Penelope* muſt yield:
Hath ſhee at length been pleas'd to caſt an eie
Upon thy paper and ſo thrown it by?
Fear not but time will favour thee ſo much,
To yield an anſwer, but if it be ſuch,
Whoſe frontiſpiece perhaps puts on a look,
Sowrer, ſeverer, then a dooms-day book,
Or if it make your love confront you, and
By it conjure you to keep her command,
Tell you alas, you'r like to reap no fruit,
For all your paines, therefore forbeare your ſuit.
Away, it was an old wives proverb long
Ago, which ſhe made good when ſhe was yong:

Maids

Maids with the finger thruſt men from them, and
Pull 'um to them again, with the whole hand.
Tuſh, what ſhee moſt deſires, at firſt ſhe'll ſcorn,
And what ſhe would have done, ſhe may fore-
warn,
But like the Lapwing, ſqueeks, and crieth leaſt,
The nearer you approach unto her neſt.
Watch when ſhe walketh forth, if you her find
Alone, then wait on her, ſhee'l ſay y'are kind;
But if in company you do her meet,
Then croſſe her at each corner of the ſtreet,
She'll think it ſtrange, ſome providence or ſo,
Sends you to meet her whereſoe'r ſhee goe.
Thoſe wild fantaſtick faſhions forbeare,
Which our courſe butterflies doe daily weare,
No criſped haire, falſe powdred locks, as though
You were ſome Players boy come from a ſhow.
They who on virgins would commit a rape,
Muſt favour more o'th' man, leſſe of the Ape:
When downright *Theſeus* firſt to *Creet* did
come,
Sweet powder he had none, no ſweet perfume;
Yet *Mino's* daughter did for him forſake
All others, and him for her ſweet-heart take.
Hippolitus did hate the dreſſe o'th' Court,
Yet *Phedra* loved him the better for't.
Woodman-like cloathing was *Adonis* joy,
Yet *Venus* doated on the lovely boy.
Then let not men care much how they be dreſt,
A meer neglected garbe becomes them beſt.

Doe

Do not take *Bacchus* for your daily friend,
But only ſometimes uſe him for your end;
It may ſometimes advantage you, I think,
To feine your ſelfe a little gone in drink,
Under the notion you may ſafely ſpeak
Your mind, or your love to your Lady break;
But if ſhe chance to chide you, or elſe ſcoffe
At your weak brain; thus learn to put her off,
Tell her you have long time been ſick of love,
And even now you had reſolv'd to prove,
Whether or no her name did beare a ſpell,
And drinking of her health would make you wel.
But when this part you act, be ſure the end
Prove you are nothing ſo as you pretend.
Take notice when you ſee her drinking, what
Part 'twas ſhe touch'd, and lay your lips to that,
As loath ſhe ſhould commit (though a ſhort
So ſweet a kiſſe to th' frailtie of a glaſſe: (ſpace)
If ſhe takes notice of it, tell her 'tis
Becauſe her coineſs will not let you kiſs,
And y'ave ſworne to ſalute her every ſup,
She takes, or kiſs by th' mediation of a cup. (part
When ſhe doth carve, make choice of that ſame
Her finger touch'd in ſhewing of her art,
As though you reverenced her ſo much,
To think it conſecrated by her touch:
Hath nature given thee a nimble tongue,
A pleaſant voice, uſe it whilſt thou art young,
In Court-like ſtrains, under ſome pleaſant grove,
Recant unto your Ladies eare, your love:

When

When other waies do fail, you may make choice
Of this, raviſh your Lady with your voice,
Sing, dance, on muſick neatlie play,
He's rarely qualifi'd will Ladies ſay;
Handle them neatly, confidently ſhow
Thoſe arts and tricks love ſhall inſpire you to.
Bold lovers fortune ſtill attends,
And puts a rhetorick at their fingers ends.
Oh for a nimble tongue, a pliant lip,
That is with *Cupids* Oratory tipt!
Swear this and t'other is worth a Kings ranſom,
Tell each one by her ſelfe ſhe is moſt handſom,
They'll all believe you ſpeake without deceit,
The fouleſt faireſt is in her conceit.
Make an encomium upon each part
Of her, and ſweare all cometh from your heart.
Thus by your pleaſing tongue you may bee wrought
Into their breaſts, be privy to each thought;
Women and Peacocks ſooneſt raiſe their train,
When the young gallants in their praiſes ſtrain;
Pallas and *Juno* hate the Phrygian Coaſt, (loſt;
Where both their beauties praiſe, and priſe they
Once did great *Jove* to *Juno* (as I heare)
By *Stix* and *Acheron* moſt falſely ſweare,
And that 'tis no deceit, *Jove* lets us know,
To deceive the deceiver here below.
Thus *Thraſius* by *Buſiris* ſerv'd we find,
Thus *Phalaris* was paied in his kind:
Thus ſhe who makes no bones of breaking oath,
Muſt

Muſt be deceiv'd by't Lovers Faith and Troth,
But at each ſentence, he's a fool who miſſes,
To bring in a Parentheſis with kiſſes:
Say ſhe be coy at firſt, and bid you ſtand
Off, with a fie away you naughty man:
Yet ſhe'll fight ſo, as ſhe'll be glad I dare ſay,
To yield her ſelfe and lips unto your mercie:
But he whoſe pleading did him kiſſes gain,
And got not all the reſt, hath kiſt in vain;
What elſe he to make up the game ſhould have,
He loſt not for want of the Queen but Knave.
They ſay they't forc'd, and grant againſt their will,
And yet ſuch force is welcome to them ſtill.
Faire *Hellen* was by *Paris* ſtoln (they ſay)
But ah how willinglie ſhe ran away.
How ſoon their ſhip the Trojan Coaſt did find,
As though her lightneſſe added to the wind,
That they ſo ſoon reacht *Troy*, ſure 'twas a tale,
Unleſſe *Hellen* her ſelfe had ſet up ſaile:
This is the cauſe the Grecians came to *Troy*,
Hellen (they ſay) was forced by the boy.
Now muſt *Achilles* leap out of a ſmock,
Into an armed poſture, and lay by the rock,
To take a ſhield in hand, *Achilles* (vext
To leave the Ladies) muſt tranſmute his Sex,
Who untill now had coated gone,
Like a young *L*ady or ſome Amazon.
Thus *L*ady like he with one lay a billing,
Till both betrai'd were by her bellies ſwelling;

Yet

Yet ſhe was forc'd (we muſt believe ſo ſtill)
Though not to be ſo forc'd ſhe had no will;
When he ſhould from her riſe, oh how ſhe'd weep,
And ſtill a little cloſer to him creep,
And ſoftly cry, ſtay my *Achilles*, ſtay,
If you'll needs fight, then fight with me I pray:
Thus his departure with a kiſſe, ſhe'd break off,
Is this *Deidemia*, the force you'd ſpeak of?
With taking language, then but break the ice,
You'll run full ſpeed into your Paradiſe;
Scorn timid fools, if you would reap loves fruit,
Begin, ſhe'll put a period to your ſute;
Perſwade her you would enter, and the elfe
Will break the hedge down, make a gap her ſelf.
Sometimes you muſt couragiouſly fall on,
Sometimes by a retreat a Ladies won:
In the ſame perſon do not alwaies move her,
Come to her as her friend, depart her Lover.
I never did approve one ſoft and faire,
A fitting ſouldier for this amorous war:
Give me a face which never art did know,
To reſcu't from the Sun, or froſt and ſnow.
Is love a warfare, ſouldiers fear no ſmutch,
And beauties meer uncomelineſſe in ſuch;
Away with ſuch a face that feares a tan,
Venus loves *Mars*, woman one like a man.
What though *Orion* he did ſicklie look?
And *Daphne* pale when *Cupid* had her ſtrook?
Their colour ſpake they were in love 'tis true,
But not that they were both beloved too:

Were

Were I in love, were I belov'd again,
I ſhould look merrilie, not pale and wan;
Or could ſhe not affect me looking well,
How can I pleaſe her when I look ſo ill?
If when my crimſon colours were diſplaid,
I could not conquer, could not take the maid,
Can I expect a thing ſo ſeldome ſeen,
That I ſhould under fading colours win?
Hang wearing Night-caps, looking lean, can ſhe
Expect delight from an Anatomie?
How can he to a ſonne and heire give breath,
(Saith ſhe) who looks himſelfe ſo like to death?
No, no, look ſprightlie, well, and full of blood,
Ladies will ſay 'tis he can do us good.
Unto a home-ſpun girle, as homelie bred,
Appear not book-learn'd, or in Authors read;
Strein not too high, leſt you at firſt her ſtun,
And ever after ſhe your preſence ſhun.
I'd not have husbands jealous, but yet,
Lovers ſuſpect your friends, I think it fit:
Alas, what makes you *Collatine* commend
Lucretia's vertues thus unto your friend?
'Tis true, unſtain'd was kept *Achilles* bed
By's friend, but now *Actorides* is dead:
If friends do in affection ſympathiſe,
May they not both adore the ſelfe ſame eies?
If friends betwixt themſelves agree, pray tell
Me, may n't they in a third convene as well?
Some I have known to gain a wife that's rich,
Or beautifull indeed, ſeek to a Witch;

Love

Love potions hence, I take him for an asse,
Who thinks *Hippomenes* can win a Lasse;
No force *Medeas* in your Philters dwelling,
Were in Loves art, we'll read, & scorn your spel-
Had charms an influence upon the will, (ling,
Ulysses had been kept by *Circe* still. (lad
Charm'd drugs move madnesse, none then but a
That's frantick, strives to make his Mrs mad;
He who seeks to a witch to get a wife,
By my consent should with one lead his life?
No, no, with pure affection learn to move
Your Lady to return as pure a love:
Place her within the circle of your arms,
And let ambrosiack kisses be your charms;
Manners sets off with a far greater grace,
Then to have only beauty in the face.
Alas poor soule! who canst brag of no more
Then outward form, twill not be long before
The dying Lillies of thy cheeks presage
The near approaching winter of thine age.
Yet if your Lady prone is to believe
Astrologers, then neatly her deceive
With a confederate, who must pretend
Great skill, may you him to your Lady send;
If he be cunning, he will make her see,
She shall have no one if she like not Thee.
Or practice if you opportunely meet
With those we Gypsies call, they'll do the feat,
Give to the subt'lest of them all a bribe,
That they may to your Mistresse you describe.

If I ſhould tell you all the things that be
Belonging unto this one ſubtiltie,
This were enough alone to win your laſſe,
But to the ingenuous uſer let it paſſe,
In former times Ladies did take a pride,
To ſee themſelves by Poets deifi'd:
Should I then bid thee verſes to her ſend?
Alas in theſe times verſes loſe their end.
This is an age in which both young and old,
Like no complexion unto that of gold:
Is ſhe the worſt ſhe can, an arrant ſcold,
She'll be to ſilence charmed by your gold:
Is ſhe beſt of her Sex a thouſand fold?
Yet ſhee'l be eaſlie tempted by your gold?
Though *Homer* lead the Muſes in his traine,
And have no gold, he ſhould but wooe in vain.
I am not Tutor to thoſe guilded Blades,
Who cry, look you what here is, to the maids,
Ladies where are your hearts? look, do you ſee?
Shewing their gold, ſuch have no need of me;
He cares not what he doth, rant, ſwear or curſe,
Whoſe ſtock of rhetorick lies in his purſe.
Madam, take what you pleaſe, he, who can cry,
Hath in each ſyllable more wit then I:
Thoſe who with *Jove* their open laps can fill
With golden ſhowers, ſuch may doe what they will.
My Muſe inſtructeth them who have no ſtore
Of Caſh, for when I loved, I was poor;
'Tis ſuch as I muſt beare the coineſſe of

Each

Each peeviſh girle, ſometimes endure her ſcoffe;
I muſt, what ever ſtory ſhe doth tell,
Confirm, nay ſwear 'tis true, I know it well:
If ſhe laugh, then I ſmile, or if ſhe cry,
Then with my finger, I do wet mine eie.
Whether ſhe ſmile or low'r, ſing or repine,
Still I keep time, her looks are lawes to mine.
When you play with her at each game, be ſure
You'll gaine moſt from her, whilſt you loſe un-
If ye at Tables be, there rather trie, (to her.
Neatly to cog with her, then cog a die.
Perhaps by letting her win here, you may
Have leave to take a point another way.
Is ſhe i'th' Countrie, and would ſee thee, go,
Although it be up to the knees in ſnow;
Swear 'tis the flame of love makes thee ſo bold
Thus to contemn, nay, overcome the cold.
Is entrance by the bolts, and locks deni'd?
Or art thou at the out ward gates eſpi'd? (bord,
Creep through the caſement, or break down a
Or elſe ſlide down the chimnie by a cord.
Each danger for her ſake thou ſcap'ſt, will prove
A ſignall token to her of thy love.
Although attended with the waves, the ſea
Could not *Leander* from his *Hero* ſtay.
If by thy Lackie, thou offended art,
And doſt reſolve to make him for it ſmart;
Still ſo contrive it that your Ladie may
Prevaile with you, he be not turn'd away,
Yet fume and fret, and proteſtations make,

You would have paid him, but for her dear ſake.
Are you to do a courteſie? deferre
It ſo, that ſhe become Solliciter:
Conſult your profit in each action, yet
So, that for them your Ladie be in debt:
Praiſe her at all times, ſay ſh' excels the reſt
Of all her Sex, which way ſoever dreſt,
Whether't be Silk or Sattin, care not which,
Still ev'ry gown ſhe weareth, is moſt rich:
Is it with cloth of ſilver over-laid?
That is the handſom'ſt Gown was ever made;
Yet is its glittering colour meane and baſe,
Compar'd with the complexion of her face.
Wears ſhe a Gown of Frize to keep her warm
Then her perfection ads unto the garment? (in-t,
Doth her haire curle by Nature or by Art,
In thoſe faire Treſſes tangled is thine heart:
If ſhe do dance, admire her nimble feet,
But if ſhe ſing, her voice muſt needs be ſweet;
Nay, ſhould the *Syrens* heare her warbling notes,
For madneſſe they'd make Bagpipes of their throats;
Or ſhould the *Satyrs* view her nimble tripping,
In wrath they'd cut their toes off, leave their (skipping,
Oh, when I neatlie footing it her ſee,
That I like *Argus* were naught elſe but eie,
Or when her Nightingal-like voice I hear,
Oh, that I then compos'd were all of eare!
But if ſhe ceaſe to ſing, pull off her pumps,
Oh then I'm in my melancholy dumps!

Yet

Yet in this ſort of Courtſhip take a care,
You from apparent flatterie forbear;
Diſſembling without art (as I have read it)
Will among Ladies ſpoile your future credit.
If pale-attired ſickneſſe ſeem to fall
In love with thy deare Miſtreſſe, ſummon all
Thy thoughts, and pow'rs together, to reprieve
Her from thy mortall enemie, her griefe.
Now is the time to ſhew thy love, thine eies
Muſt with her ſad condition ſympathiſe,
Call the old nurſe, and ſee her make the bed,
Whilſt you the pillow beat ſoft for her head.
Sadlie her ſick eſtate ſometimes bewaile,
Sometimes to make her merry tell a tale;
Sometimes the tedious minutes to beguile,
Try if your laſt nights dreã can make her ſmile:
Then if ſhe chance from ſickneſſe to recover,
She will look on you as a conſtant Lover.

LECTURE 3.

To thoſe who are more deeply engaged.

But here we to the ſhoar muſt bid adieu,
We muſt lanch forth into the Ocean now,
Since y' have not onely wound your ſelf into
Her companie, but her acquaintance too: (haſt,
Since you have paſt thoſe doubtfull ſtraits make
Frequent her oft, you'l ſhoot the gulf at laſt.
The old tri'd, and experienc'd Lover knowes,
How ſtrong weak love from much acquaintance growes.

Yet ſometimes I do think in Policie,
You from your hearts delight ſhould abſent be:
The field that han't been for a time plow'd up,
Will yield the husbandman a double crop.
Phillis did love *Demophoon*, but not
Doat on him till ſhe ſaw his ſhip on float.
But tarrie not leſt too long out of ſight,
Out of her mind ſhe alſo wipe you quite.
When *Menelaus* to return delai'd,
To lie alone poor *Hellen* was afraid;
From ſo great feares who'd not a Lady ſave?
'Tis fit that ſhe a bedfellow ſhould have;
We may commend the youth for taking care
To reſcue *Hellen* from ſo juſt a feare,
Nay, it had clowniſhneſſe been in the Trojan,
Not kindlie to accept of ſuch a lodging.
Mad *Menelaus*, whilſt abroad you walk,
At home your Doves a prey unto the Hawk;
Hellen we here pronounce as blameleſs, ſo
Is the young Conie-catcher, *Paris* too;
Condemn not then the youth, nor blame the elf,
They did what you would do, or I my ſelfe.
Not alwaies at the ſelfe ſame houre meet,
Nor at the ſelfe ſame corner of the ſtreet;
Preſent no gift unto her that is known
To have been formerlie worn as your own.
In your cloſe meetings make uſe of your knee,
Like thoſe who ſend their Lackie firſt to ſee:
Each Inn i'th' Town, and ſo to bring them word
Which the beſt entertainment can afford;

Make

Make that your footman, it will tell you right,
How you ſhall entertained be at night:
What though at firſt you be deni'd to enter,
Try her again, but not too raſhlie venter.
Many do ſuch unskilfull motions chuſe,
As doth their preſent ſport, and future looſe.
Here ſince to th' haven to which we intend
To ſteer our courſe, we can't ſail with one wind
We muſt trie more then one trick to attain
That happineſſe moſt men deſire to gaine:
I who but now did bid thee cloſely keep
Thy guilt, now bids thee ſometimes let it peep:
Her fainting love I do revive ſometime,
By giving her an inkling of my crime,
Of which ſhe did before ſuſpect, that I
As guiltie was as now ſhe knowes I be:
Then hate and love together ſtrive, and I
Am he, into whoſe face ſhe'd gladlie flie;
Hate me, ſhe is reſolv'd ſhe will, but ah,
Her love turns furies ſtream another way.
And when ſhe finds ſhe cannot hate, then ſhe
Vowes never to beare any love to me.
This to perform ſhe never ſee me will,
When loe, ſhe can't but ſee and love me ſtil;
But let her not continue long upon
This her mad and outragious paſſion;
Time gives unto mans fury ſtrength, and ſo
Doth it unto a womans paſſion too.
Straight catch her in thy arms, imbrace her, ſwear
Thy kiſſes ſhall dry up each trickling tear,

And whilſt the tears ſtand in her eies, her ſhew
The ſweeteſt dalliance *Venus* e'r did know:
Make her believe it was a falſe report
Some rivall rais'd, ſhe'll love thee better for't;
Nay ſhe will gueſſe you further'd it, to prove,
Whether or no ſhe did you truly love.
Art thou at door inform'd thy Ladies walking
I'th' ſtreet, yet in the window ſpi'ſt her talking;
With ſome new ſutor, tuſh it was not ſhe,
It was thy duller eie-ſight failed thee;
No, no, it was not ſhe, you did eſpie,
Blame her you cannot, but your purblin'd eie:
Yet I confeſſe I am not for my part,
Nor was my Maſter, perfect in this Art.
Shall any kiſſe, nay more, my Ladie woe
Before me, with rich gifts preſent her too?
Returns ſhe him a ſmile, a pleaſing word,
And ſhall I not ſtraight, at him draw my ſword?
No, policie forbids, this is indeed
The harſheſt lecture I ſhall to you read;
Alas, when once I ſaw my miſtreſs kiſt,
I fell upon my rivall with my fiſt,
But ah, how many ſmiles? what kiſſes loſt me?
How many tears, with ſighs it coſt me?
Thus married men ſee and not ſee, your wives,
Or elſe you'll with them ſcarce lead quiet lives.
Thoſe who are once took toying in a sheet,
Their mutuall guilt makes them the oftner meet;
Then ſtill be ſure what ever you do ſee
Them act, you do not take their *rem* in *re*.

When

When *Cupid* did the god of war o'reome,
He to imbrace his love, unbrac'd his drum.
He chang'd his weapons when he learn'd to woo
Yea, and the manner of his fighting too; (woo
Oh then what pretty ſport there was above,
Betwixt the god of war, and Queen of love:
Oh with what ſecreſie they every day,
At laugh and lie-downe would together play;
When lying had them tir'd, they'd riſe, and then
Act limping *Vulcan*, and ſo lie down agen;
Now would they limp, thē both fal in a laughter
To think how *Vulcan* would draw one leg after.
Then *Mars* would ſweare he'd act him more toth' life,
And as he knock'd at forge, he'd knock his wife.
Thus they the limping Smith did uſe to jeare,
But ſince none knew it, what need *Vulcan* care?
Nay, th' had conceal'd it yet, had not the Sun
Betrai'd to th' ſmugfac'd Badger, what th' had done;
Hard hearted *Phœbus* to diſcloſe their pleaſure,
Thou hadſt been ſilent hadſt thou ſhar'd i'th' treaſure,
But now 'tis out, the Smith hath finely ſet
About the bed, a neat-made wyer net,
So cunninglie plac'd none could it eſpie,
Whilſt he tels them, to *Lemnos* he muſt hie;
Thither he ſaith he muſt go buy ſome tools,
Yet in a corner lurks to catch the fools.
Straight *Venus* cals to *Mars*, the Cuckold's gone,

Come

Come lets our pleaſure here enjoy alone:
Thus to the bed they march to reap their ſweet
Delight, when ah, they'r both caught in the net;
Then laughing *Vulcan* call'd the gods all thither,
To ſee how faſt the Lovers were together,
Mars ſwears, and *Venus* wept, ſhe was ſo ti'd,
She had not ſo much as an hand to hide;
The gods laugh'd *Mars* almoſt out of his skin,
Oh that th' had laugh'd him out of th' net he's in!
Neptune at length took pitie on their caſe,
And pray'd the club-foot Smith them to releaſe;
Which done, *Mars* went to *Creet*, and *Venus* ſhe
To *Paphos* fled, where they did oft each other ſee.
Poor ſimple ſillie *Vulcan*, thou maiſt run
Out of thy wits, to think what thou haſt done:
Is not an horn enough, muſt you needs blow it,
That all the world beſides your ſelfe ſhould know it?
Before, ſhame did her private meeting cover,
But what ſhall now, ſhe's made a ſhameleſſe Lover?
Feare leſt ſhe ſhould be ſeen kept her before
From playing ſo oft as ſhe would the whore;
But ſince their fear's paſt, what ſhall keep her now,
For every meeting then, ſhe'll now have two.
Then lay no ſnares t' entrap your rivall, nor yet
His tokens intercept, *Venus* abhors it.
But by your neer acquaintance with the Maid,
Learn all the tricks was e'r between them plaid,
What gifts ſh' has given him, whether a paire

Of

Of lockes, or elſe a bracelet of her haire,
And then divulge it all, but yet ſo near
To her, as it may ſoon come to her eare;
With this addition too, that th'other night,
Drunk in a Tavern, he lai'd out in ſight
This comelie lock, that knot, and th'other glove,
And all he ſaid were tokens of her love:
Why gave ſhe me this prettie knot, ſaid he,
But 'cauſe ſhe moſt of all did favour me.
Why am I keeper of ſuch locks as theſe,
But that ſhe'd have me enter when I pleaſe?
Thus whereſoe'r he comes he brags whilſt ſhe
Muſt ſtill the ſubject of his conqueſt be:
The ſubtile Maid muſt ſound this in her eares,
Oh how ſhe'l ſtamp and fume when ſhe it hears?
And whilſt a breach is made by this report,
Storm her your ſelfe, I'll warrant you the Fort;
Court her then, when ſhe's in the depth of ſadneſſe,
High ſpirits ſometimes marrie out of madneſſe.
Yet when this ſtorie ſhe tels in your eare,
Seem as though you before did ne'r it here,
Your ſeeming ignorance bids her ſuſpect
Not you, who in your ſleeve laugh at th' effect.
Ladies abhor ſuch blabbing fooliſh men,
Who if they get a ſweet bit now and then,
Crie Roaſtmeat ſtraight, for this the Poets tell
Us, prating *Tantalus* is plac'd in hell.
'Tis true, your Ladie may be made believe,
That you this knack, and th' other did receive
From

From ſome one, but impair no Ladies fame,
By your too raſhlie blabbing out her name.
Haſt thou a mind unto an old, yet rich,
Thou knoweſt not whether woman or a witch,
Are cartruts in her forehead, is her haire
As grey as any downie *Howlets* are?
Or doth her noſe ſeem to make haſt to meet
Her chin? doth that her boſome alwaies greet?
Hath each tooth in her head her mouth forſook,
For fear they ſhould next time ſhe ſleeps her choak.
Hath providence halfe blinded her, leſt ſhe
Should at her uglie ſelfe affrighted be?
Is ſhe aſham'd that you ſhould hear her ſay
When ſhe was born, who Conſul was that day?
And yet reſolv'd th' art, her thy wife to make,
And love her well too, for her monies ſake.
'Tis cunning flatterie muſt her engage,
She would be counted young in ſpight of age,
And in your talk alwaies be ſure, you this
Obſerve, you ask her not how old ſhe is:
Each day you in her companie doe paſſe,
Wipes off a ſtain from the acquainted face;
Court her and hug her be ſhe ne'r ſo old,
Enough good faces you'll find on her gold.
Among all ſorts of girles remember this,
Tell not the fouleſt ſhe unhandſome is;
Caſt not their imperfections in their diſh,
But ſwear each one's as fair as you could wiſh:
To her whoſe skin's as black as any Crow,

Oh,

Oh, 'tis a lovelie brown! I've ſaid ere now;
Or hath her eie a caſt, looks ſhe aſquint,
There is a lovelie glance hath Magick in't?
Sits on her face a pale wan-colour'd hue,
She doth reſemble *Pallas* as I'm true?
Is ſhe ſo tall ſhe may for Long Meg paſſe,
Oh ſhe muſt be a very proper Laſſe?
Is ſhe like envie, lean, commend her,
Swear it is handſome to ſee one ſo ſlender?
Is ſhe too low, ſhe's nimble, light of feet,
Nay, ſhe that is ſo ſhort muſt needs be ſweet.
Thus mitigate the faults which you eſpie,
Either in bodie, lip, or cheek, or eie:
Obſerve theſe rules, and brand me for a lier,
If you main't deal with them, as you deſire:
Thus having done that for which I did come,
I'll viſit once againe *Elyſium*.

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE.

HEre ſtay my Muſe, thy lines let Lovers read,
They wil conduct 'um to their Ladies bed;
Where when the Curtain's drawn, each active part,
Will move without inſtructions from thine art;
Each finger of it ſelfe will find the way,
Nimblie about each tickliſh place to play;
Where may your beds yield mutuall delights,
Your ladies wiſh the daies were turn'd to nights.
May in the morn afreſh your ſpirits riſe,
To ſee them turn up the whites of their eies.

Pralegenda

Prælegenda to the ſucceeding Poem, viz. *The Wife-hater.*

1.

Why Women were made.

VVOman in the beginning (as 'tis ſaid)
To be an help to man was chiefly made;
Then ought not women much to be commended,
Who anſwer th' end for which they were intended?
Women were made to help men, ſo they do,
Some unto ſorrow, griefe, diſeaſes too;
Others do their kind husbands help to ſpend
Their whole eſtates, thus anſwer they their end.
Some help men unto more then they were born,
To have (I mean) *Acteons* head and horn.

2.

Of what Woman was made.

Crooked-condition'd Nature made her, when
She form'd her of the crookedſt part in man:
Nature firſt fram'd her of a mans rib, ſhe
Then can't chuſe but a croſs-grain'd creature be,
And

And ever ſince (it may not be deni'd)
Poor man hath ſubject been t'a ſtitch i'th' ſide.
Yet ſome there are who in a grateful mind, (find
Would ſoundly rib their husbands, could they
A good tough Cudgel, and make them this anſwer,
They but reſtore what *Eve* ſtole from their Granſire:
And 'tis a reaſon too (as't hath been tri'd)
A bad wife ſits ſo cloſe to her husbands ſide.

3.

What they committed ſo ſoon as they were made.

No ſooner made, but ſhe runs into all
Miſchiefe her ſelfe, then cauſeth man to fall:
And now that judgement on their ſex is doubled,
They't with a two-fold falling ſickneſſe troubled.

4.

To what they are now likened.

Women in love and luſt compared be
Unto a pumice ſtone, for that we ſee
Is full of holes; ſo they, when once in love,
Moſt hollow hearted to their ſervants prove;
In love they like it are, 'cauſe they diſſemble,
But when they luſt moſt, they it moſt reſemble;
Play with a luſtfull girle, and you ſhall ſee,
How like unto the pumice ſtone ſhe'l be,
Which way ſoe'r you do her troule,
You'll find againſt you ſtill an open hole.

POEM,

POEM.

VITUPERIUM UXORIS:

OR,

THE WIFE-HATER.

To the tune of, I tel thee Jack *where I have been.*

1.

HE that intends to take a wife,
I'll tell him what a kind of life
He muſt be ſure to lead;
If ſhee's a young and tender heart,
Not documented in Loves art,
Much teaching ſhe will need.

2.

For where there is no path, one may
Be tir'd before he find the way,
Nay, when he's at his treaſure;
The gap perhaps will prove ſo ſtraight,
That he for entrance long may wait,
And make a toile of's pleaſure.

3.

Or if one old, and paſt her doing,
He will the Chamber-maid be wooing,
To buy her ware the cheaper,
But if he chuſe one moſt formoſe,
Ripe for't, ſhe'll prove libidinous,
Argus himſelfe ſha'nt keep her.

4.

For when thoſe things are neatly dreſt,
They'll entertaine each wanton gueſt,
Nor for your honour care,
If any give their pride a fall,
Th' have learn'd a trick to beare withall,
So you their charges bear.

5.

Or if you chance to play your game
With a dull, fat, groſſe, heavie Dame,
Your riches to encreaſe,
Alaſſe! ſhe will but jeare you ſort,
Bid you to find out better ſport,
Lie with a pot of greaſe.

6.

If meager——be thy delight,
She'll conquer in venereall fight,
And waſt thee to the bones.
Such kind of girles like to your Mill,
The more you give, more crave they wil,
Or elſe they'l grind the ſtones.

7.

If black, 'tis ods ſhe's div'liſh proud,
If ſhort, Zantippe like, too loud,
If long, ſhe'll lazie be,
Fooliſh (the Proverb ſaies) if faire,
If wiſe and comelie, danger's there,
Leſt ſhe doe Cuckold thee.

8.

If ſhe bring ſtore of monie, ſuch
Are like to domineer too much,
Prove Mrs, no good wife,
And when they cannot keep you under,
They'll fill the houſe with ſcolding thunder,
What worſe then ſuch a life?

9.

But if her Doury only be
Beautie, farewell felicitie,
Thy fortunes caſt away.
Thou muſt be ſure to ſatisfie her
In bellie, and in back-deſire,
To labour night and day.

10.

And rather then her pride give o'r,
She'll turn perhaps an honour'd whore,
And thou'lt *Acteon'd* be,
Whileſt like *Acteon* thou maiſt weep,
To think thon forced art to keep,
Such as devoure thee.

11.

If being Noble thou doſt wed
A ſervile creature, baſelie bred,
Thy family it defaces;
If being mean, one nobly born,
She'll ſwear t' exalt a Courtlike horn,
Thy low deſcent it graces.

12.

If one tongue be too much for any,
Then he who takes a wife with many,
Knowes not what may betide him;
She whom he did for learning honour,
To ſcold by book will take upon her,
Rhetoricallie chide him.

13.

If both her parents living are,
To pleaſe them you muſt take great care,
Or ſpoile your future fortune,
But if departed th'are this life,
You muſt be parent to your wife,
And father all, be certaine.

14.

If bravely dreſt, fair fac'd and witty,
She'll oft be gadding to the Cittie,
Nor can you ſay her nay.
She'll tell you (if you her denie)
Since women have Terms ſhe knows not why,
But they ſtill keep them may,

15.

If you make choice of Country ware,
Of being Cuckold, there's leſſe feare,
But ſtupid honeſtie
May teach her how to ſleep all night,
And take a great deal more delight,
To milk the Cowes then thee.

16.

Concoction makes their blood agree
Too near, where's conſanguinitie;
Then let no kin be choſen.
He loſeth once part of his treaſure,
Who thus confineth all his pleaſure,
To th' arms of a firſt Cozen.

17.

He'll never have her at command,
Who takes a wife at ſecond hand,
Then chuſe no widdowed mother:
The firſt cut, of that bit you love,
If others had, why main't you prove
But taſter to another?

18.

Beſides, if ſhee bring children many,
'Tis like by thee ſhe'll not have any,
But prove a barren Doe;
Or if by them, ſhee ne'r had one,
By thee 'tis likely ſhee'll have none,
Whilſt thou for weak back goe.

19.

For there where other gard'ners have been (ſowing
Their ſeed, but ne'r could find it growing,
You muſt expect ſo too;
And where the *Terra incognita*
S'o'rplow'd, you muſt it fallow lay,
And ſtill for weak back go.

20.

Then truſt not to a maiden face,
Nor confidence in widdowes place,
Thoſe weaker veſſels may
Spring-leak, or ſplit againſt a rock,
And when your fames wrapt in a ſmock,
'Tis eaſilie caſt away.

21.

Yet be ſhe faire, foule, ſhort, or tall,
You for a time may love them all,
Call them your ſoul, your life,
And one by one them undermine,
As Courtizan, or Concubine,
But never as married wife.

He who conſiders this, may end the ſtrife,
Confeſſe no trouble like unto a Wife.

A mock Song to ſome Ladies, who ſuppoſed him in love becauſe he courted them.

1.

WHen I a Lady do intend to flatter,
Oh, how I then begin to chatter.
I ſweare and vow
How much I'd do,
That I might once get at her——

2.

I ſay to kiſſe her only is a Feaſt,
A *Cupids* Beaver at the leaſt,
Whilſt ſilly ſhee
Beleeveth me,
And thinks I love her beſt.

3.

With thoſe fair phanſies which moſt comly are,
I oft her Ladiſhip compare,
I ſay the Roſe
And Lilly when it blowes,
Are nothing near ſo faire.

4.

Yet gazing on her face I've ſpent ſome hours,
Conſulted with each cheek, and all its powers,
But there none grow,
Unleſſe below,
In pleaſures garden ſpring her flowers.

5.

Oft have I call'd her Jewell, oft have I
Call'd true, the falſe pearles of her eie,
Yet precious ſtone
She will have none,
Untill with me ſhe lie.

6.

With what pure whiteneſs is her boſome bleſt,
Oft cry I, yet I do but jeſt;
For ſure I'm ſtill,
She never will,
Untill I ſ——her have a milk white breaſt.

7.

Then tell her by the rowling of her eies,
I gueſs her ſecret rarities,
Sweare he who enjoies
Thoſe pleaſant toies,
Ought much to eſteem the prize.

8.

Thus Ladies have I learn'd in *Cupids* ſchools,
My Maſter *Ovid's* Grammer Rules:
Thus can I prove
I am in love,
And thus I make yee fools.

On

On a Ladie who when I ſaluted her, had almoſt made me forſwear kiſſing by her ſtinking breath.

ALas, what have I ſeen? a very rare
Complexion, and a face without compare,
To which being magnetically invited by
Th' attractive vertue of a beautie, I
Made my approach, ſuppoſing it a bliſs,
To give to, or receive from her a kiſs:
But ah! having obteined what I ſought,
How was I diſappointed? when I thought
From that faire diſh (her lips I mean) to ſup
Nectar, they prov'd a Phariſaicall cup;
For by the ſcent I found, though it had been
Waſhed without, her mouth was foule within.
Were a *Camelion* condemn'd to be
Confined only to that aire, which ſhe
Breaths in, he need not fear another death,
Then to be poiſon'd by her noiſome breath.
What Madam, is your mouth become
A kennell for a Fox to take up's room?
Or is there placed in ſome nook (forſooth)
A Garagantua's ſtinking hollow tooth?
Or fair foule Ladie, hath your mouth within,
Lately with the oile of Armpits nointed been?

Did

Did any kiſs you in the dark, he'd ſtart,
For feare h' had kiſt your backſide, and you
breath'd a fart.
Let one join lips with you, he will ſuppoſe
By the offence you'll offer to his noſe,
Your filthie ſtinking ſtomack is the ſole
Privie you uſe, your mouth the Privie hole:
Then kiſs no more, or if you needs will be
Kiſſing, kiſs leacherous young Goats not me,
Go glance at other objects, now leave off, (ſcoff
Perſwading men with looks and words, we'll
At thoſe falſe flatteries, for pray what ſoule
Can think you fairlie ſpeak, whoſe mouths ſo
foule?
Thus may you keep to all eternitie,
Your bodies, and your lip virginitie;
For trulie I beleeve even death
Himſelfe will loath to take away your breath.

A farewell to *OXFORD.*

To the tune of Oxford Keat.

1.

FArewell the Proctors old and new,
And *Bruin* that Bear once more adieu,
Farewell Tom Trumpeter his man,
Come catch me now if that ye can.

2.

Farewell my friends, and thoſe who ſerve us,
Remember poor *Edvardus Turvus*,
When abſent he, this prai'r ſhall ſend ye,
From Proctors all good Lord defend yee.

3.

Farewell *Betty*, and *Franck* thereby,
And *Moll* that holds her noſe ſo high;
Oh, how it grieves me, none can tell,
To leave the Maids of *Holy-Well!*

4.

Farewell my ſtudie, I'll no more
Live cloiſter'd up within that dore,
But I'll expatiate at leaſure,
My ſelfe in larger ſphears of pleaſure.

5. I'll

I'll take all kinds of recreation,
Which may be found within the nation,
But chiefly t' hunting I will goe,
Of Dear, Harts, Hares, and Conies too.

6.

Farewell admired *Ariſtotle*,
I'll ſuck more vertue from a bottle
Of our Taverns purer Wine,
Then from that fluent wit of thine.

7.

Farewell my books, henceforward your
Maſter will himſelfe inure,
Never to ſtudie but in's bed,
And none but books i'th' ſheets to read.

8.

Farewell my Gown, which I thy poor
Maſter have kept two yeers and more,
But ſince I muſt from thee be gone,
I'll ſigh thy valediction.

9.

May ſome kind hearted Tailor take thee,
And for my ſake compleatlie make thee,
(Who wert a Gown of ſo much note)
Some handſome Ladies petticoat.

10.

So ſhalt thou never more be hurt,
By being dagled in the durt;
For thoſe who with thy Miſtreſs be,
Will ſtil be taking up of thee.

A farewell to my Duns.

1.

FArewell our Cooks, I'm ſorrie
Can't pay you for your laſt Fee-Pie,
Your rumps and Kidnies I did eat,
But for the reckoning I muſt cheat.

2.

For ſince my fate hath call'd me hence,
This muſt be all your recompence,
For thoſe your Rumps wil teach ye (friends)
To think upon your latter ends.

3.

Of th'other member of your fare,
I eat, though did not pay my ſhare,
And this is all the reaſon, why?
Y'are of ſtrange Kidnies, ſo am I.

4.

Farewell my Tailor, do you look
That I ſhould pay you for my cloak?
Can you complaine, who helped me
To palliate my knaverie?

5.

Farewel my Barber, who would come
Like *Hocus Pocus* to my room,

Swearing

Swearing he had not yet enough,
But muſt be paid for t'other puffe.

6.

This is the naked truth of it,
I'll give him monies not a whit.
A fig for him, a fart that's louder,
So I ſhall pay him with a pouder.

7.

Y'have ſhav'd me too much Sir, and now
I will turn ſhaver unto you,
For it hath been my greateſt care,
To fit my Barber to an haire.

8.

Farewel the Chandler, I abhor
Thy comming thus with *Item*, for
I'll give thee naught for ſugar, ſcoff
At me who can, 'tis a ſweet come off.

9.

Nor ſnuff becauſe I nothing pay
For Candles, 'tis leſt you ſhould ſay
Th'are deeds of darkneſs which I do,
That I thus make light work with you.

10.

For fruit I'll pay naught I profeſs,
Since by your reckoning you confeſs
I've Raiſons for't, then farewell, I
Shall ſcape your hands moſt currantlie.

11.

Farewell the Cobler, t' whom I've ought
Long time for ſoaling of my boot,

Lend

Lend me your night-Laſt, and I vow,
I'll help you to make ſoales enough.

12.

Farewel my ſhooemaker, do you
Think to be paid for a ſhooe?
How can you ask for that ſo deare,
Which runs ſo ſoon to dirt and mire?

13.

Alas, I ſpent too much (I ſwear)
In licoring your naughtie ware:
Beſides, you know at parting (friend)
Your reckoning was brought to an end.

14.

But leſt you ſhould your labour loſe,
I for your fine neat ſlender ſhooes,
(Since that my purſe ſo emptie feels)
I'll ſhew you as light a paire of heels.

15.

Yet let not any *Oxford* Dun
Call me a knave now I am gone,
For on your ſhooes hereafter I
Will ſtrive to walk moſt uprightlie.

Poetis

Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit ulla poteſtas.

WHat have we here? what mad phantaſtick crew?
Are theſe, who ſweare that they have power to (do
What ever they ſhall pleaſe to any man,
Nor only ſo, but dare do what they can.
Here's one who with his loud hyperbolies,
Can raiſe an abject Pigmie to the skies;
He makes each ruffe-caſt bride a *Venus* then,
Seeming to marrie goddeſſes to men,
H' excuſeth it and ſaith in this,
One of the ſacred'ſt Prieſts he is,
And ſtil avers that thus he marrie may,
By his *Poeticâ licentia.*
But if ſhe chance to prove a comelie dame,
Then he ſo well knowes how to play his game.
That though he make the proverb good in ſpight
Of fortune and lie with the bride all night;
Yet after ſhufling there ſhall not be ſeen
The Knave together with the Queen,
Nor can th' cornuted husband make him ſmart
For this, ſince feighning is the Poets art,
And ſo by conſequence they alway lie
As often as they pleaſe b' authoritie;

Both

Both taſte, and touch, with Ladies lie, they may,
And if you ask the reaſon why? they ſay
They do it by a pow'r they call
Authoritie Poeticall.

A Dialogue betwixt a diſcontented Lover, and his ſcornfull Mrs occaſion'd by being once in their Company.

Lady. SWeet Sir, what makes you ſigh ſo often?
Lov. Madam in hopes theſe ſighs may ſoften
Your too hard heart.
Lad. Sir, do you not know,
That all things dry and harder grow,
Expoſed to ſuch guſts of wind,
As thoſe?
Lov. But by experience you may finde,
That this ſame tempeſt, which you ſee
Your clouded brow hath rais'd in me,
Brings ſhoars of teares, as well as blaſts
Of ſighs, and when I ſigh, I'll weep as faſt;
So what the other hardens or makes dry,
Theſe teares I hope will mollifie.

Lady. For to beleeve thy ſighs, which be
Leſſe ſtable then the winde, were foolery;
Compreſſe your ſighs, your teares, your ſadneſs,
Not to avoid ſuch tempeſts, it were madneſſe.
Lov. Stay Madam, ſtay, and thou ſhalt ſee
How I'm inflam'd with love of thee;
And by theſe pleaſant gales of ſighs, am cool'd,
For pittie then (ſweet) let me be ſo bold,
Still to ſigh in thy preſence.
Lady. Doſt not know
Such ſighs which are loves bellowes, only blow
Up and increaſe the fire, thy ſelfe then blame,
If thoſe love-ſparks do glow into a flame.
Lov. But give me leave to weep, perhaps my face
Is yet too foule, then Madam if you pleaſe
To ſtay a while, ere long I mean
With theſe my teares to waſh it clean.
Lady. Alas! I for a ſweet bit look, and how
Can I have one, in having you?
How ſow'r, how crabbed will that face appear,
Which like a Cucumer from year to year,
A ſoaking, nay a pickling lies
In the ſalt water of your eies?
Then let your ſighs no longer ſtay,
Then juſt to blow your teares away;
And when you can them both refrain,
Perhaps I'll ſpeak to you againe.

To a Commander.

VErtue that in your face, as in her Throne,
Triumphant sits, will ever scorn
All those who dailie do present your eies,
With the false glasses of your flatteries:
No, those *Gnathonians* need not beat their brains,
To court you in their Sicophantick strains;
What need to gloss and varnish over
Those things, which can themselves discover
More glorie in their proper natures, then
Can be described by the art of men.
What need to drain the seas, or purge the skies,
To fetch from thence some loud hyperbolies,
T' expresse your name and glorie by? no, we
From classick Authors fetch authoritie
For what we say, prescribe no other bounds
Then th' aire, to cant your praise in trumpets sounds:
If thats not loud enough, wee'l every man on's,
Thunder your praise from th' mouths of roaring Cannons.

A Dialogue betwixt a Gentleman and his *OXFORD* Laundreſs.

Gent. STay my Laundreſs, tell me why
You make your husband ſ'often crie
Out of his ſides? what, beat him? that's a crime!
Laund. My calling is to beat a Buck ſometime.
Gent. What then, *Diana* like it ſeems you have
Acteon'd him becauſe he gave
A glance, and ſo perchance eſpi'd
Such actions you deſir'd to hide,
When you were waſhing with a brother,
In ſome new *Jordan* or another?
Laun. *Diana!* I'm no goddeſſe, though indeed
I've turn'd many a man into a bed.
Gent. If not a goddeſſe, ſome infernall ſpel thou (haſt,
Who wilt not let the very ſtones be chaſt.
But prithee *Betty* tell me how
That it is poſſible for you,
To pleaſe ſo many a gallant blade?
Laund. I ſmooth them up, 'tis half my trade.
Gent. Indeed thou art as cleanlie neat
A Laſs, as one ſhall in a whole day meet.
Laund. That is no wonder, Sir, was any ſeen
To waſh ſo oft as I, and not be clean?

Gent.

Gent. I wonder not to ſee you weare
An handkerchief ſo neat and and fair,
But that you alwaies keep ſo white a ſmock.
Laund. That's often waſhed underneath a cock.
Gent. So then it ſeems you like that water beſt,
Which runs through cocks and condut pipes; but jeaſt
Not too much with ſuch things, I'll lay you ods,
Some one or other leaves you in the ſuds.
Laund. You are miſtaken, Sir, when I conceive
They've put a trick upon me, 'twill not grieve
Me, though they travell into other lands,
All I deſire, I have, I keep their bands.
Gent. Sure ſuch a willing *Laundreſs* none e'r meets.
Who if I pleaſe will ſtarch my very ſheets.

On a Wenching Braggadochio, under the name of Swaſh and his Lady.

Swaſh reck'ning up his ſev'rall wenches, ſwore
A ſeeming modeſt Lady was his whore:
But ſhe being ask'd the truth, to ſave her honor,
Said the Knave Swaſh had made a lie upon her.

On weake back, alias, Sir,

Weakback, sev'n years hath married been, yet he
Cannot, though fain he would, a father be:
This makes him fret and fume, to rant and stare
For madness, by all th' blood in's codpiece swear
He is resolv'd some time to live
On meats, men call provocative,
Your brave Anchovice, your Cock Sparrow,
Partridge, Pheasants, pies of marrow,
Potatoes, Inger roots and Scarret,
And glorious Oisters washt in Clarret
Shall be his fare; he vowes he'll eat
Naught else but such spermatick meat.
Thus he'l make his vessels swel
With thrice concocted blood, and fil
Each part with youthfull active fire,
Such as will soon increase desire;
Then he'll be sure to leave no stone
Unturn'd, neither his neighbours, nor his own,
Till he find out how to beguile,
His weakness, get his wife with child.

To Mrs——presenting with these a riding Cane.

Venus and *Cupids* Oracles (of late
By me consulted) told me all the state
And temper of your Sex. Thus from above
Inspir'd with thoughts how prone ye are to love,

I begg'd the blind the boies ſtaffe, which for the
Of his dear mother, he ſoon bad me take; (ſake
And ſince your loves are blind, and cannot ſee,
Then this, what fitter preſent can there be?
This then, with thoughts more innocent
Then can b' imagined, I here preſent.
Madam your kind acceptance, ſhall to me,
Both a requitall, and a glorie be.
But if the boldneſs of m' attempt hath brought
The ſmalleſt trouble to your calmer thought,
And ſo by conſequence, diſturb'd your eaſe,
Correct me with my preſent when you pleaſe.

To a ſeemingly coy Lady, who took advantage by his modeſty.

Madam, I pray you why ſo coy to me?
Is't cauſe I am ſo baſhful, that when we
Incounter looks, I bluſh inſtead of you?
Sure this is not the reaſon, yet 'tis true,
Others I've ſeen, who without feare or wit,
(Scorning a modeſt carriage, laugh at it
As out of faſhion) take you by the hand,
From thence paſs to your mouth, there make a ſtand
Sometime, and boldly ſwear they will
Drink from thoſe Corall lips of thine their fill;
If they thus from your lips can Nectar ſup,
Madam, pray why may I not kiſs the cup?

The description of a Mrs, as presented to her.

FIrst then behold this prettie thing, so faire,
And so repleni sh'd with Dame Natures rare
Perfections, that she rather seems to be
Some goddess, then of kin to frail mortalitie.
Her forehead, neither low, nor yet too high,
Seems as if 'twere the throne, where to out-vie
Each other, Art and Nature sits below,
Near th' basis of this mount, this Alp of snow;
On each side doth appeare a star-like eie,
Each forts of love, each *Cupids* armorie,
From whence each glance that's sent's a fierie dart,
Able to dissolve a marble heart,
Though bound in ribs of ice. Her nose
Like *Cupids* bellowes, when soe'r she blowes,
The gentle air straight upward flies,
T' augment the fire which sparkles in her eies.
Her mouth's the Porthole, from which sacred room
Venus and *Cupids* Oracles doe come,
Still usher'd with a voice, whose ev'ry breath,
Might charm a *Satyr* till he dance to death;
Nay, could the heavenlie intelligences heare
But th' eccho to each note, they'd leave their choice,
sphear,
And vow to know (if they might have their
No

No other harmonie but what her pleasing voice
So sweetlie warbles forth. Her lips do staine
The rubies, make the Roses blush in vaine,
To see themselves surpast. Her dimpled chin
Would make a grave to burie *Cupid* in.
Her curious neck——There stay my tongue, no (more
Talk of her rare perfections, give o'r,
Lest that her prettie ovall face prove unto thee,
Far more provocative then egs themselves can be;
Only let's say, if th' face hath ever been
Counted the Index of those parts unseen;
None but a lovers thought can once conceive,
What hidden beauties lurk in ev'ry leafe
Of that fair book in folio: Now who'l not guess
By th'title page, the books fit for the presse?
Madam, if you'd know where this Ladie may be seen,
Look in your glass, and tell me whom I mean.

The Souldiers Bravado before a fight.

The talking instruments of ev'ry lout
We prisoner take, we'll first cut out,
Then hang them up to drie before they stink,
And make them serve for neats tongues when we drink.
The Copper noses of the Rogues we'l blow
Instead of Trumpets, when to fight we go,
The apples of their eies lay up in store,
To stop the mouth of each mans musket bore;

We'll

We'll make their brain-pan like a platter seem,
In which we'l eat their brains like clotted cream.
But ſtay, leſt that ſome one ſhould ask us why,
Going to fight, of eating thus talk we?
Since then we are to make a trade of giving
Wounds, and by death it ſelfe to get a living,
We'll therefore not an opportunitie abuſe,
But put their noddles to a better uſe.
Their plumbeous cerebroſities, ads foot,
Like leaden bullets from our guns we'll ſhoot.

The Praiſes of Wine.

Shew me that baſhfull Amoriſt which dare
Not ſound his love unto his Ladies eare,
That never could behold her beautie yet,
But fear ſoon put him in a ſhaking fit;
Let him but dip his tongue in wine, and ſteep
His braines in that ſame liquor, till with ſleep
And wine, and wine and ſleep, he growes
Of a complexion which out-vies the Roſe,
And then I'll warrant you, that he will feare
No colours, this ſhall teach him how to ſwear
By faireſt *Venus*, and the god of Love,
He adores her more then any Saint above.
'Tis this will teach him how to be love-ſick,
This tips his tongue with *Cupids* rhetorick;
Had chaſt *Hippolitus* been cloathed in
A Sute made up of ice and ſnow, yet wine
Would have excited ſo much heat, as might

Have

Have made him venture a venereall fight.
Of this had the Platonick had a taſte,
His *Venus* had been drawn below the waſt.
You who this rare commoditie do ſell,
When your dull Prentices can't reckon well,
Send them to your wine ſellars, and you'l ſee,
They'll caſt up their accounts moſt gallantlie.
'Tis wine exceeds Lethean water; this
Buries all ſorrow in forgetfulneſs.
'Tis this will make a coward, that was wont
To ſtep i'th' channell rather then affront
Any by keeping of the way, to fall
In ſpight of all the Hectors to the wall.
What Fort or Caſtle is ſo ſtrong, ſo ſtout,
That if the wals be lackt can hold it out?
A glaſſe of this would make a King adore it?
And like a vaſſall, force him fall before it.
The gods themſelves love *Nectar*, and a cup
Of this would trip the old Athletai up:
Him that ſtrong wine doth elevate (all know it)
His phanſies raiſed, and he made a Poet.
This teacheth a young Student to diſpute;
Till wine doth make him liquid, he's a mute.
Wine feeds the braine, makes great wits of the ſmaller,
Th' are Greek and Latin Wines doe make a Scholler:
Though man be Lord of all, yet pow'rfull wine,
Can make him higher ſtill, ſomething divine.
This Poets prove, ſay they, if in us wine

Puts

Puts Spirits, doth it not make us divine?
Then to *Bacchus*
lets betake us,
Oh that each one
Had a bellie like a tun
To his hogs head, and then you should see
We would drink off his wine
till it made us divine,
And we became gods as well as he.

On Mr——a Poet riding a journie with one, on an Hacknie which gall'd his Posteriors.

To the Muses.

VNkind, hard hearted girls, how could ye be
So cruel to your chiefest Votarie?
Who left the Citie, and the Countrie chose,
Only more freelie t' entertaine his muse.
And could ye find no better equipage
To set him forth in? Could ye not provide
A better steed, but trotting let him ride
A Jade Iambick? Had ye not an horse
To lend him, as smooth footed as his verse?
Rather then he should have been jolted thus,
Ye might have lent to him your *Pegasus*.
If he had rode upon *Silenus* Asse,
He had not been so tir'd: But now alass,

How,

How we may cure him, we cannot conjecture,
Your *Aganippe* or *Apollo's* Nectar,
Won't do the feat, nor can he healed be
By a nights lodging with our Landadie.
Sure unkind Ladies it was your intent
To prove him tired by an argument
A Posteriori, truly he
May justlie with ye angrie be;
He hath good reason too, thats taken from
A fundamentall point, but give him room:
Touch not upon that string, 'tis naught they say
To rub a gall'd horse on the back; then pray
Will't not be so for us who with him ride,
To rub a man upon the gall'd backside?

To a friend accusing me because he saw not my name among the late Oxford *Poets, who wrote in praise of the peace betwixt* England *and* Holland.

IF that a fool, when silent, cannot be
Distinguish'd, from a wiser man then me;
Sweet, Sir, I pray henceforward do not blame,
Because among this ringing crew, my name
You find not. Sir, indeed I've no intent
Yet to be taken for a fool in print;
Alas, good Sir, what heinous crime have I
Committed here of late, 'gainst Loialtie,

That

That you thus cruellie amongſt the reſt
Of th' Poets, ſhould condemn me to the preſſe?
No let their pens, rarer then mine, ſalute
His Highneſſe, right his glorie. I'll turn mute,
Let thoſe refined wits extoll him far
Above all mortals, for concluding war,
And whilſt to praiſe him for this they ne'r ceaſe,
Let us (what's ſafer) ſtrive to hold our peace.

The Feminle prerogative, the Women aſſuming unto themſelves the chiefeſt part in generation.

DUl, heavie, lumpiſh clod of earth, which can
Of nothing boaſt, beſides the name of man.
Pray tell us, what preheminence to you,
More then unto our neater Sex is due?
You tearm us cold, and yet 'tis we inſpire
Your frozen ſoules with ſprightlie active fire.
Dul man, how droopinglie thou ſeemſt to walk,
How without ſenſe or reaſon thou doſt talk,
Untill thou art illuminated by
The brighter ſparkling of thy Ladies eie;
So hard, ſo like an Adamant's thy heart,
That thou thy ſelfe more like an Eunuch art.
Then one whom nature made for propagation
Of his ſimilitude by generation,
Untill inflam'd with love, and then begin
Your ſtiff benummed ſoules to thaw, and in

A moment floating from your eies,
Beg to be call'd your Ladies sacrifice;
Then are your scornful words, your witty jears,
Turn'd to the weeping rhetorick of teares:
And can ye still call the weaker vessels, when
We hold such water better then ye men?
How well some late Physitians concluded,
Their predecessors had themselves deluded,
When they to idle man the glorie gave
Of generation, since 'tis we who have
The better part in that same action, we
Do add the form, man but the matter, he
Is but an *ens rationis* in the best acception,
Form'd by a womans quick conception.
Well did a learned Doctor write
Us active men, but passive in the fight
Where *Venus* us'd to conquer *Mars*, & make him
Put up his weapons ere she would forsake him.
Mars there lay conquer'd, though he ne'r was ruffer,
Hence learn, women do only bear, men suffer.
Men are but barren creatures, women do
Bring forth al that is good, their seed (as though
Sown in a fruitfull soile) doth in each houre
Sprout till it blossom to a monthlie flower.
It's womans seed sown in that fruitfull place,
We call a womb, brings forth that herb of grace,
An humane creature; but they say dull men
Like Cocks doe onlie stir up spirits in the hen
By treading, add naught unto generation;

If then you ask, why man (since the creation
Cals him the most perfect's) so unfruitfull? I
Care not much if I tell the reason why,
'Tis this, Anatomists have found
His seed is sowne in stonie ground.

A Dialogue betwixt a Lover and his Mistress, occasioned by their walking in the snow.

Lov. MAdam I can't but wonder when I see
In you such contrarietie:
Your face is pleasing, *Venus* made that part,
But God knowes who it was did frame your heart.
Lady. This outward case so fair had never been,
Unlesse t' enclose a purer piece within. (love,
Lov. Your faire face and soft skin I needs must
But of your harder heart I disapprove.
Lad. If y'are in love, then *Sir*, you must confesse
Your love is blind, and knows not how to guess.
Lov. My love is blind (I grant) and can't espie
In its faire object, one deformitie;
Yet (Madam) nature bids me to miscall
That part, which stops my senses festivall.
Lad. If nothing that is uglie you do see,

I pray what fault then can you find in me?
Lov. As you in whiteneſſe have the ſnow out-gone,
So in a candid diſpoſition,
Exceed the pureſt ſnow; but Madam, you
Excel't in whiteneſſe, and in hardneſſe too,
May the firſt flouriſh, but let it be ſaid,
Your hardneſs vaniſht, ere your whiteneſs fade.
Lady. That I may keep ſnows whiteneſſe I'll retain
Its hardneſſe, ſort's no longer white then hard.
Lov. Nor is a Maid a Virgin longer then
She doth remain unmollifi'd by man.
This is a truth, each Ladie will confeſſe,
Yet they ſeek after husbands nevertheleſſe.
Lady. Nor is the virgin number ſmaller, when
Such Ladies yield unto the arms of men:
For when a virgin one doth ceaſe to be,
She gives to many more virginitie.
Lov. Nor doth diſſolv'd ſnow periſh, though it has
Loſt whiteneſſe, yet tis clearer then it was.
Then Madam be no longer coy, for though
Your frigid breaſt (compos'd of ice and ſnow)
When once it taſtes loves ſweets, melt with delight,
And you perhaps diſrob'd be of your white,
Yet like the ſnow, I'm confident that you
By melting will look clearer, fairer too,
Lady. Alas, what good then ſhall I gaine,
If I a virgin ſtill remaine?
Ah, I do yeeld, for now I plainly ſee,

Although leſs white, yet I ſhall clearer be.
No, no, I ne'r was hard, how ere I felt,
Snow will, if it be gently handled, melt;
Nor was I cold becauſe I ſeemed ſo,
Handle it much, you'll find there's heat in ſnow.
Lov. Come then my deareſt, 'tis our nuptial bed
Shall change thy whiteneſſe for a purer red,
And let the youthfull heat of ev'ry kiſs,
Diſſolve thee to a quinteſsence of bliſs:
Let us thoſe diſjoin'd mettals imitate,
Which if plac't o'r the fire incorporate;
This is the way, loves flame w' have throughly felt,
Let's then into one ſolid body melt.

To the old Widdow *T.* ſaying ſhe would marry him.

WHat is't my doom, a ſlave to be
To *Cupids* ſcullions cookerie?
Here is a diſh, I muſt confeſs't,
Both homely meat, and homely dreſt,
It is ſo old and tough, ſtill ev'ry bite
I take, will add a freſher appetite.
By her lean carcaſs 't may be gueſt,
She hath before made love a feaſt, (once
Which makes me think that there was
Some better fleſh upon thoſe bones.

But

But neither love nor laſt is yet ſo greedie,
To lick that hath been ſerv'd up twice already.
Cupid, how can you think our younger
Stomacks ſo ſoon can ſtop their hunger?
No, let her look ſome others after,
I'll not be th' ſubject of your laughter;
Sure all the world would take me to be mad,
A bed full of bones if I ſhould wed.
Her haire doth hang like wither'd hay,
And yet ſhe terms it reverend gray;
But from the colour one may know,
The temper of the place below;
Her ſnow white head makes me conclude upon
The coldneſſe of her middle region.
Her skin t' her bones ſo cloſe doth ſtick,
You'd think the Surgeons play a trick
With her, to ſhew her art, and ſtrive
To make her mummie, though alive:
Then let them take her to themſelves for me,
Shee'l make a ſtrange kind of Anatomie.
He that hath her, may in a word
Be truly ſaid to fall aboard,
So hard ſhe is, the very chips
Have much more moiſture then her lips;
So clean her bodi's pickt, that fleſh ſh' hath none,
Her marrow's gone, to th' dogs then caſt the bone.
Can youth and age ſo well agree,
That ſhe ſhould think of loving me?
No, 'tis a young and tender dame
Muſt firſt excite, then quench my flame;

Should I but hug her on a merrie pin,
I feare her bones would rattle in her skin.
Should I but tickle her in the bed,
She'd laugh her teeth out of her head;
Or ſhould I ſhew her ſport, ſhe'd die
In that ſo pleaſing extaſie;
And I a murth'rer be againſt my will,
Whilſt my old woman I with kindneſſe kill.
Alas what fruit ſhould we produce,
Should I, though young, and full of juice,
By our grave Prieſt ingraffed be,
On this old wither'd Apple tree!
You are grown rotten (Madam) at the coar,
Then fie, leave off, inoculate no more.

To Julia, *to expedite her promiſe, in imitation of that true pattern of Poetry, Mr* F. C.

1.

DEareſt, why do we longer tarrie?
Come let us marry,
Why ſhould you. Shall I? Shall I? cry
Till beautie flie.

The faireſt Roſes if they be,
Not pull'd in time, die ſuddenly;
Ere ages winter with us meet,
Let's learn to warme each other (ſweet)
By mutuall cov'ring in a Sheet.

Each

2.

Each minute tells us, as it passes,
All flesh like grass is.
Why doe you longer then delay,
Love while you may?
Why should we only feed our eies,
Whilst we our selves do tantalise,
The golden apples of delight,
We only kiss? oh that I might
Taste too, as well as have a sight!

3.

Must we like archers in the dark,
Never hit the mark?
Lo other Lovers get the game
Whilst we take aim.
Expectance only makes us prove
Wishers and woulders unto love.
Let us no longer love in jeast,
No longer wait at *Cupids* feast,
Come let's fall on our selves at last.

4.

One easilie may go astray
If out of the way.
No ship but doth in hazard saile
If the pilot faile.
Madam, hope you for better, who
A vessell are, the weaker too?
No, no, you will in danger ride,
Be subject unto wind and tide,
If no man at your stern do guide.

5.

Me thinks you ſeem to give conſent,
Oh don't repent:
Your fortreſſe will the ſtronger be
Stone-wall'd by me;
We'll only write our love in kiſſes,
But ſeal it up with rarer bliſſes:
Come then for a concluſion,
Let me (Deareſt) ſtamp upon
Thy virgins Wax, a fair impreſſion.

The Character of a Collector of St *Johns* Colledge *Oxon.*

HE is one, whoſe title and his late ſo greedy gathering Determiner's monie, ſignifies him ſcarce two degrees remov'd from an Exciſe man, not one from the ancient Publicani. He is well ſeated amongſt thoſe of his own Colledge, which makes our Batchelors ſo ſeldome viſit his Beefe and Turnips, leſt they be forced to eat with that Publican, and thoſe Sinners. 'Tis true, they ſay, he hath a great tub of Cyder; but I am ſure the determining Batchelors were forced to pay polemonie for his hogſhead. As for his face, it's of ſo ruſ-caſt an hue, you would wonder if you ſhould ſee him.

him. He uſeth no Plaiſter of Paris to fill up the gaps; for he looks like a ſhrivell'd Cucumer that hath lain a twelve month in vinegar; ſo that if you take him in this ſence, you may ſafely ſay, the Gentleman is in a pretty pickle. View him but in the dainty caſe of a good ſuit, and he reſembles ſtinking Aſsa fetida *in a fair box, or an unclean bird in a fine cage, and truly this laſt ſimilitude likes me beſt, for I remember I heard him once chatter out a ſpeech in the Schools, but like a Jackdaw that is not perfect at his prattle: He pronounced ſhort vowels long, and long vowels ſhort. He was lately rebaptized with the name of Batchelor, pray God he keep himſelfe ſo (I ſay) this Lent; but I feare his ſtore of monie, and the high blood he pretends to be of, will ſcarcely ſuffer him to abſtaine from the fleſh. But now let us take him in his graver dreſſe, and firſt view him with his ſquare Cap on his head, then ſay there are exactly four corners, and a Fool in the middle. Truly when I conſider how ſeverely, how diſingeniouſly he dealt with ſome who fell under his power, I ſhould eaſily ſuppoſe him (viewing him in his formalities) to be ſome Wolfe in Lambs cloathing, were it not that his Lambs skin agreeth with his Sheeps head ſo well. As for his Gentility, he beareth a good plain Coat; but truly for his manners ſake, I wonder no honeſt Wadhamite ever took the pains to lace it. But I'll meddle no more, with either him or his cloaths, leſt he enter into*

a Sute with me, and ſo caſt me, his being better then mine own.

A patient Cuckold

IS one noted to be a man of a good head-piece, and is alwaies content with what condition ſoever, ſtill knowing himſelfe to have a very faire Fortune. He need not much trouble himſelfe with care for his familie. For his wife, ſhe hath learn'd a Trade to get her living by Taile and Retaile, and brings up her children in the ſame way. His greateſt gaines come by other mens plowing with his Heifer. Methinks he ſhould be a good Patron for a Poet to preſent the ſpurious brats of a venereall brain to, for he takes all that God ſends, and often keeps others men children as his owne, becauſe they are the fruits of his wives womb, by which he might ſeem to incur the cenſure of an auſtere man, reaping where his ſeed was not ſowen, but that he is one of approved honeſty in the pariſh where he lives, though not alwaies reputed ſo, by reaſon that many Rogues father their Knaveries on him. If a neighbour having ſhut up's ſhop, at night, comes to confer with his wife about putting off ſome ware of hers, the good man (having firſt cauſed a candle to be alighted, and a fire to be made)

made) will, leſt he ſhould be thought to meddle with his wifes matters, depart the room, thinking two bodies enough to occupie one place at a time, not caring though his wife be as light as he had before made the room, ſo he have good ſtore of monie laid under the Candleſtick: His wife having thus raiſed his fortune, he begins to exalt his horn, and fetching his pedigree from Actæon, *he may paſſe currantlie for a Knight of the forked Order.*

A Freſh man

IS a young Student of the Univerſitie, who receives his generation from the corruption of a School-boy; he turns Peripatetick at his firſt comming thither, and thinks it a great ſtep to the making up of a Geographer to know the neareſt way from Colledge to Colledge, where he ſpends much time in admiring the fair buildings, and comparing each one to ſome Knights or Gentlemans houſe in their Countrie, but his own Colledge is ever the beſt. He ſtumbles at nothing ſo much as ob. c. q. *in the Butterie Book, and is verily perſwaded, no manuſcript in the Library is harder to read then that. He hath a great ambition*

bition to be acquainted with ſome Senior or other, whom at firſt he admires for his old Gown ſake, and the pretty talk he hath at meales, who after dinner teacheth him the way to the Racket Court, where he makes an encomium on the gentility of that ſport, and by this means inticeth him to toſſe a bal or two, til he's likely to run the hazard of loſing all the monie in his pocket. On fiſh daies he leads him to the Tavern, tels him it is good for digeſtion, where they call for Sack and Tobaceo, but make the poor freſhman's pockets ſmoak for it. He cannot be a Senior (they ſay) til he hath been at Ariſtotles *Well, Medlie, &c. where he ſtill paies the reckoning, and thinks he hath gain'd well by it too; for beſides the repute of a generous Blade, he hath learn'd a few jeaſts, and ſome ſhreads of wit glean'd from an old play or Romance, and can now underſtand what it is to be* Clapt, Trappan'd, *&c. or the like. But he fears no night in the yeare like the fifth of* November, *no weapon ſo much as a Seniors Thumb-Naile, both which he dreads farre worſe then ever he did either Black Munday, or bloody Tueſday, at ſchool. He's company for a Senior ſo long as his monie laſteth, but when that's ſpent, they turn him off like one of no mettall, or at leaſt not of mettall good enough to be longer in their ſocietie.*

Newes from the Chimnie Corner.

THat Ovid *was miſtaken in the ſaying the Ethiopians were not produced till* Phaeton *burnt the world, it being moſt probable that* Ethiopia *was the place where the company of Chimny-Sweepers lived before* Phaetons *time.*

That a faire eie in a black complexion, looks like a glowing ſpark on a ſooty Chimnie ſtock.

That he who is caught ſtealing of a Maidenhead, deſerves to be burn'd ipſo facto.

That luſt in a wife, whoſe husbands back is too weak, is, like fire in winter, more intenſe for his coldneſſe.

That he which keeps himſelfe to one woman, and no more, is like that ſpit which doth never incorporate but with one ſort of fleſh only.

That ſome women like Lime, burn moſt for wetting, whilſt others like roaſt meat, are the better for baſting.

That my Landladie, Mrs——like the Jack in her Kitchin, goes down to be wound up.

That the Miſer, Mr——his Chimnie after a Feaſt, mourns for ſome time in duſt and aſhes; for that daies expence of wood, whilſt he himſelfe (having

ving no fire, may blow his fingers and nose, instead of a paire of bellowes.

That most men are now adaies hot upon doing mischiefe, charitie only waxing cold, whilst good turns lie raked in the ungratefull ashes of oblivion.

The Acts of the Apostles.

On Ananias *and* Saphira *falling down dead for lying unto the Holie Ghost,* Acts 5.

THis man and wife for so long time did use
To lie together, that they could not chuse
But do so still; say then they both did die
Together, cause they'd still together lie.

Peter *raiseth* Tabitha *from the dead, Act.* 9. *v.* 13.

Oft have I heard of such who had many waies
And words, when as they pleas'd to raise
A spirit; but I've seldome read
Of one, who raised people from the dead;
Yet *Peter* saith, but *Tabitha* arise,
And on a sudden you may see her eies
Open, and she begin to talk,
And by and by rise on her feet and walk:
To have his love who'd not make any shift,
Who will prove such a friend at a dead lift.

Saint

Saint Paul *striketh* Elimas *blind Acts* 13. *v.* 11.

This exorciſt hath by his ſorceries,
Often caſt miſts before poor peoples eies.
But now th' Apoſtle paid him in his kind,
Caſt one before his eies, and ſtrook him blind.

Aliter.

Let but St *Paul* play his Apoſtles part,
The cunning mans miſtaken in his art.

The divining ſpirit caſt out, Acts 16.

'Tis true, there is not one can tell from whence
There was a devill caſt out through the Prince
Of devils, yet the divining ſpirit here,
St Paul hath caſt out through the ſpirit of praier.

On St Peter *cutting of* Malchus *his eare.*

That none ſhould of his valour heare,
Peter ſtrikes at the eare.
Then take heed *Malchus*, if you ſtir this ſtranger
You'll be up to the ears in danger.

St Paul *cureth the bloody Flix, and burning feaver.*

Ceaſe practiſing Phyſitians, ye can-
Not alwaies cure, now *Paul* muſt be the man.
One force excludes another, and you may
With one naile knock another out they ſay:
So *Paul* here by applying of the pure
And ſpotleſs blood of Chriſt muſt cure
The bloody Flix; 'tis he who by
His earneſtneſs in praier and fervencie
In that ſame duty, backed with a zeale
As ardent, muſt the burning feaver heale.

Herod

Herod *eaten up with worms, Acts* 12.

Stay *Herod*, do not boaſt thy ſelfe to be,
So long before thy time a Deitie;
Becauſe thou cloathed art in glittering gold,
Muſt we all needs thee for an Angell hold?
Becauſe thou ſmoothly ſpeakſt, muſt we needs be
Won by thy Rhetorick to Idolatrie?
Methinks I heare the people thus applaud
Thy ſpeech, 'tis not the voice of man, but God.
Alas poor *Herod!* thou ſhalt ſoon confeſs
Th'art no more then a voice, or ſomething léſs;
Know thy preſumption hath offended one,
Who for thy pride wil turn thee from thy throne,
Who by his loud-tongu'd judgements can,
And will, ſoon prove thee but a worm no man.

For St Pauls *ſake theſe in the Ship are ſaved, Acts* 27. *verſe* 22.

Take courage ye my friends, what makes ye thus
Caſt down, there is a God takes care of us:
'Tis he who rideth on the airie wings
Of the proud winds, who this ſalvation brings
To you, the earth is but his footſtool, and
The vaſteſt ſeas he graſpeth in his hand;
He will command the roaring of the one
Into a whiſper, and impoſe upon
The raging of the other element,
A ſmoother calm then was when *Peter* went.
But when he hath thus pull'd ye from the hand
Of death, take heed unto your lives by land;
Take heed ye do not, when y'are ſafe from hence,

Ship-

Shipwrack your faith or a good conciencee.

On Euticus *sleeping, Acts* 20. *verse.* 9.

Whilst *Paul* was striving to illuminate
The people, *Enticus* in darkneſs ſate,
As though incloſed in the ſhades of night,
He ſhuts his eies (indeed he needs no light
To ſee to ſleep by) thus not dreaming in what (caſe
He was, nor of the danger of the place
He ſate on, he fell from a window high
Upon the ground, where ſpeechleſs he did lie
For a long time, as in a dead ſleep. Thus
Never more truly couldſt thou *Enticus*
(Untill thy tumbling from ſo ſteep
A place as this) be ſaid t'have fallen aſleep.

The Barbarians call Paul a Murtherer, ſeeing a Viper leap on his hand, Acts 28. *ver.* 4.

Methinks I ſee the poor Barbarians ſtand
Amaz'd to ſee a viper on the hand
Of *Paul*, methinks I heare them ſay, ſure this
Same man ſome cruell thiefe, or murth'rer is;
That hand committed hath ſome hainous act,
Which makes the gods correct it for the fact;
He, though by chance eſcaped hath the ire
Of *Neptune*, yet is puniſh'd from the fire.
Y'are in the right poor men, it is a true
Judgment, which hath been caſt on him by you;
He is a murtherer, hath lately been
Killing his luſts, ſlaying the man of ſin.

On St Stephen, *ſtoned.*

What! buried in an heap of ſtones? was eie
Ever ſpectator of ſuch crueltie!
Could any man more truly valiant be,
More mild, more patient then he?
Lo how he naked ſtands, doth not defend
Himſelf, whilſt ſhours of hailſtones they do ſend
As meſsengers of death, yet he diſdains
Their furie, and naked as truth it ſelfe maintains
The truth: hark how he boldly bids them throw
Still more ſtones at him, till they weary grow
With throwing: Throw till your ſtore's quite
ſpent ſaith he,
Then tyrants throw your ſtonie hearts at me.
Alas ye miſcreants, do you think to wrong
That *Saint* with pebble ſtones, whoſe faith's ſo (ſtrong,
That he can with it at his eaſe
Remove ſo many milſtones if he pleaſe?
Alas, y'have gone beyond your baſe intent,
Y'have rais'd him with thoſe ſtones a monument

The blind cured at the word of our Saviour, Mat. 10.

So have I ſeen a candle ſnuffe,
Alighted by a gentle puffe.
So here thoſe leſser lamps which to
The Temple of mans body doe
Belong, were ſtraight illuminated
By's word, by whom they were created.
Lord who then can denie thee God to be,
Who mak'ſt the blind to ſee thy Deity?

I am the Door.

Lo where your Saviour ſtands, the Butt
At which impietie doth ſhoot
Grim furies poiſon'd arrowes, that's
The object malice ſpits her venome at.
Alas why do ye thus with ſpeares him gore,
What mean ye to knock ſo hard at the door.

On Sampſon *and* Dalilah.

Sampſon, where now's thy ſtrength, thy *Dalilah*
Hath pickt thy locks, & ſtole thy ſtrength away.

On the miracle of Loaves.

Oh what a wonder's this! five thouſand men
Are filled with five loaves, can any then
Denie thy Godhead? who art prov'd (we ſee)
In ſpight of all their teeth's a Deitie.

The Widdowes Mites.

He that gives millions, gives no more then ſhe,
She gives her *all*, no more then all gives he.

Aliter.

She was not worth two farthings, yet ſhe ſtrove
To make her mites two tokens of her love.

Dives begging a drop.

One drop, one drop, to cool my burning tongue,
One little drop, alas, I've begg'd it long!
One pearly Chriſtall drop, and ſo I will
(Though ne'r ſ' unhappy) be called *Dives* ſtill.

Aliter.

Inflamed *Dives* for one drop doth crie,
Yet has't not, though he begs ſo ferventlie.

On the Prodigall Sowsting husks.

Thoſe who devour'd his meat, drank up his wine,
So hoggiſh are to let him feed with ſwine,
Methinks I heare them ſay, let him alone,
A Peaſecod take him now his gold is gone.

Solum mihi ſupereſt Sepulchrum, Job.

The Foxes they have holes,
A neſt to lodge in have the fouls;
But all the Son of Man has none,
Till's Sepulcher doth yield him one.

Great Monarch 'tis your doom
To be confined to a tombe,
Once muſt a fall attend your pride,
Then with the poor you'll ſeek to hide.

The Kings when they deceaſe,
Have no more Land then graves apiece:
Poor peſants when they die,
Have ſo much ground wherein they lie.

Kings have their monuments,
The poor have none, yet by content,
What care I for one, when I'm dead,
I'll be with heaven covered.

He who the narrow way
Doth paſs, or in the broad one ſtray;
And he which takes the byeſt path,
All journie through the gates of death.

The poor men dig and delve,
Whilſt Monarchs live above themſelves,
But when death ſends them under ground,
To lodge together they are found.

The

The beggar, when he's dead,
Hath his care also buried,
The rich when they do lose their breath,
Their pleasure also vanisheth:
Kings when they die, do know
They leave here what they han't below:
Here they deliciously doe eat,
There for the worms themselves are meat.
The poor this comforteth,
They rather get then lose by death:
For they who could not feed before
Themselves, do now feed many more.
Then care not for the world,
Though all be topside turvie hurld,
Kind death at last will me inter,
When all's gone, in a Sepulchre.

To his Book.

Since 'tis our lot poor Poets have,
No more to brag of then a grave;
And since it is thy Masters doom,
To be worth no more then a tomb,
Then let his book with two or three
Small Epitaphs contented be.

ELIGIES *per* ED. FUSCUM.

To the Reader of these next following Elegies.

READER, if it be thy desire to find
Such wittie jeasts as please a joyfull mind,
Go seek them where th'art sure th'are to be had,
'Tis not wits recreation to be sad;
Wit must avant with all its levities,
Where heavinesse becomes the obsequies:
For if't be true, sad objects do require
Sad thoughts, sad words, and sad attire.
Then do not (pray) my Muse for dulnesse tax,
Since lighter phansies sute not with her blacks;
All I desire, is that these may be read,
As writ, only to shew love to the dead.

Epitaph on that pattern of Vertue, Thomas Beal, *Esq; Lievetenant of* Whittlewood Forrest Norton, *in imitation of Doct.* Alabastet *his Latine on one* Ed. Spencer.

WHo lieth here? if any ask, 'tis one
Whose very nam's enough to make him known.
Reader, if that you'd see, look up, for there
It's writ, but when th'hast read, tis *Beal* lies here:
If after that you any further goe,
And ask who's he? y'are worthy ne'r to know.
Heu Cervi! vester cecidit servator, & heu vos
Imbelles Dame! quid nisi præda sitis?

On

On the death of—Clerke of Cairfanx, Oxon.

Toule gentle bels, make all the Citie ring
With tunes by far more ſad then thoſe who ſing
Naught elſe but lamentations, and be
From that time forward dumb, ſince he
Himſelf lies ſpeechleſs now (being too weak
To conquer death) who taught ye beſt to ſpeak.
Alas, alas, how oft, how well hath he
Read *miſerere mei Domine*!
Yet he's condemn'd to die, and yield to fel(well.
Death's ſummons, though he read his *verſe* ſo
The Bible whilſt he liv'd, was th' touchſtone by
Which he his thoughts, his words & works did try.
Yet too too cruell death to him deni'd
The mercie of the book, at laſt he di'd
For all his reading; but yet thou maiſt look
Bleſt ſoule ſtill to be ſaved by thy book.
Flie then pure Saint up to thy Maker, there
Thou'lt find a milder judge then thou didſt here.
He'll free thee from a ſecond death, the firſt
Was but a gentle trance, which lull'd thee erſt,
Thou wak'ſt into eternitie; ſo this
Shall have no power over thee; for 'tis (well
But juſt that thou who haſt behav'd thy ſelfe ſo
In th' Militant, be now receiv'd to dwell
In th' Church Triumphant, ceaſe then tears for (this,
To us here left behind a comfort is,
That he our now departed brother,
'S but tranſlated from one Church to another.

Oh

Oh how the ſacred Quire will all rejoice
At the reception of ſo ſweet a voice
As thine! where may thy ſoule for e'r be bleſt
With joy unſpeakable, eternall reſt,
Whilſt we on earth all turn thy ecchoes, ſing
Hymns, holy Anthems to our heavenly King.
When we've thus prais'd him for his mercy,
We'll all ſupply thy place, and cry, *Amen.* (then

Epitaph on Mr Lightfoot, *Cooke of Wad. Col.* Oxon. *dying of a Conſumption being before waſted to the bones.*

DEath and *Lightfoot* made a match
To trie which could the other catch;
Lightfoot ran well, but at laſt
Death caught him, and here keeps him faſt.
Reader by this misfortune thou maiſt ſee,
None can, ſince *Lightfoot* could not from death flee.
If running could availe him aught,
I'll paun my life h' had not been caught;
For pray judge if he ran not faſt,
Who ran off all his fleſh for haſt.
If then you ask why death deſir'd
His time of life ſo ſoon ſhould be expir'd?
This is the only reaſon why,
Simile gaudet ſimili.
Then 'tis a Paradox to ſay he's gone
The way of all fleſh, ſince that he had none.

On the death of Mr Bodicote, *Vintner in* Oxon.

WHen death knockt at the door, could he
Anon, anon, Sir, or a by and by, (but cry
He had been with us ſtill, but 'tis the lot
Of Draw'rs themſelves at laſt to go to pot:
So though we ſend the Pitcher ne'r ſo faſt
To th' well, yet it comes broken home at laſt.
Alas! death ſurely knew it to be true,
Women were termed veſſels, men ſo too:
And here to play the Vintner went about,
Pierced the hogſhead, and the life ran out.
Then lets be merry whilſt we may,
Nor ſpoile our wine with a delay,
We'll poure it down, ſcorn little ſups,
No need of preaching o'r our cups
As yet, but rather drinking faſter,
Unleſs our wine were dead, as is its Maſter.
Then fill our boules, our brains weel ſteep
In liquor, we 'r reſolv'd to weep
The teares of th' tankard for our friend,
Who is now brought to his latter end.
Farewell, farewell, then honeſt one,
We live in hopes that thou art gone
T' a better place then thou hadſt here by ods,
To be a Ganymede unto the gods.

FINIS.

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